The CRISIS

Vol. 12—No. 5 SEPTEMBER, 1916 Whole No. 71

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Publisher's Chat

The October number of the CRISIS is our annual CHILDREN'S NUMBER with its interesting baby pictures, together with much reading matter of interest both to children and to grown-ups. We will welcome baby pictures from our readers. *All pictures to be considered must reach us before September 5th.*

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THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE, AT 70 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Conducted by

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS
AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, Business Manager

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 12—No. 5 SEPTEMBER, 1916 Whole No. 71

Editorial

THE ANTI-LYNCHING FUND

THE July CRISIS published a supplement giving all the details of the lynching of Jesse Washington at Waco, Tex. In the August number we published appeals signed by Mr. Spingarn and Mr. Villard for contributions to the Anti-Lynching Fund. Mr. Moorfield Storey, our national president, and Mr. Philip G. Peabody, both of Boston, each offered to give $1,000 toward an anti-lynching fund of $10,000 on condition that the other $8,000 be raised by August 1.

The outlook is encouraging. The figures as we go to print stand at $7,260.93, that is contingent, partly of course, on the whole $10,000 being raised. Mr. Peabody has kindly consented to extend the time until September 15. Colored people of America, we must not fail! No sacrifice is too great to help in this cause. Let every one who has not contributed do so at once. Let all who have contributed pledge themselves to arouse some negligent acquaintance. This is our chance. We must not let this opportunity slip. Send in *your* contribution now. This is *your* fight, victory means protection for *you*.

SIR ROGER CASEMENT—PATRIOT, MARTYR

SIR ROGER CASEMENT is dead. He has been put to death by the English Government on the charge of treason. His crime was this: He headed a rebellion of the Irish against the English and negotiated with the Germans for help. Just before the outbreak of the rebellion, Easter week, a German steamship laden with arms went to the coast of Ireland accompanied by a submarine with Casement on board. He was arrested on landing, tried, condemned and sentenced to death. Thus England has muddled into one more blunder in her stupid list of blunders in dealing with Ireland.

Traitor is a hard word and Sir Roger Casement as the world's hard and fast laws have it was a traitor to his country, England. But let us look into this man's life and see if it is really possible to reconcile his antecedents and his character with the stigma of treason.

His friends, and they were many and influential—Galsworthy, G. K. Chesterton, Israel Zangwill, Sir Henry Nevinson were among them—speak of him as being "generous, sympathetic and sincere." *Sincere*, mark you!

He rendered England a long consular service extending almost without interruption from 1895 to 1913. It seems to have been spent in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, the Portuguese provinces of Angola and the cocoa islands of San Thomé and Principe, the Congo and in South America. It was he who, on reading Sir Henry Nevinson's report of the Congo atrocities, said that the report in all its horrors was still not horrible and revolting enough and it was he

who later on opened the eyes of the world to the scandal of the rubber trade on the Putumayo in South America.

In a letter speaking of the downfall of the Turk in the Bulgarian War of 1912—how far off and pallid all that seems now beside the present, lurid conflict!—in that letter he said: "The Turk was down. I knew he was beaten before it began. I joined him in his defeated agonies . . . and in that camp, the camp of the fallen, I stick."

All the impressionable, vigorous years of his manhood, you see, were spent in witnessing acts of oppression and lawlessness and in efforts to offset those acts. He became "obsessed" with a horror at the spectacle of "frightfulness" which those in great places wreak upon those in small.

Last of all he came home to see his country, his dear native land, Ireland, still bleeding and languishing in the hands of her historic oppressor. Just how far the attitude of the other members of Sinn Fein was absolutely sincere we are not prepared to say; so far as Sir Roger Casement is concerned there can be almost no doubt but that he believed in Germany as the deliverer of Ireland from England's cruelty. To him Ireland—not England—was the land to which he owed allegiance. We can but judge a man by his beliefs.

And so he died an Irish patriot whose memory will be cherished at every Irish fireside as one who died for his country. As Sir Henry Nevinson succinctly puts it: "We (the English) execute a worthless rebel and for Ireland a heroic saint emerges from the felon's grave." This was the time for English expediency rather than the bleak upholding of laws and customs. Someone has blundered.

"THE BATTLE OF EUROPE"

THE war is still with us, has almost become a commonplace, and yet there is no thinking man who does not send his mind two years back and remember the assurance with which he said in those bewildering, tumultuous days of August, 1914, "This cannot last, we are too civilized."

Well, civilization has met its Waterloo. We have read of attacks by gas, of raids on non-fortified towns, of Zeppelins dropping bombs on women and children, and the whole campaign of "frightfulness" which left us at first cold and faint and even yet inspires in us a sick distaste. What good can come out of it all? Much is still on the knees of the gods; but it takes no prophet to presage the advent of many things—notably the greater emancipation of European women, the downfall of monarchies, the gradual but certain dissolution of caste and the advance of a true Socialism. All this and much more. But for the immediate present and especially for us there is coming a gradual and subtile encouragement to strengthen race predilections and revel in them unashamed.

The civilization by which America insists on measuring us and to which we must conform our natural tastes and inclinations is the daughter of that European civilization which is now rushing furiously to its doom. This civilization with its aeroplanes and submarines, its wireless and its "big business" is no more static than that of those other civilizations in the rarest days of Greece and Rome. Behind all this gloss of culture and wealth and religion has been lurking the world-old lust for bloodshed and power gained at the cost of honor.

The realization of all this means for us the reassembling of old ideals. Honor which has had no meaning for us in this land of inconstant laws,

takes on a new aspect; mediocrity, so long as it does not mean degradation, is sweet; peace—not "at any price," —is a precious boon; old standards of beauty beckon us again, not the blue-eyed, white-skinned types which are set before us in school and literature but rich, brown and black men and women with glowing dark eyes and crinkling hair. Music has always been ours; but with the disappearance of those *effete* ideals comes the assurance that the plantation song is more in unison with the "harmony of the spheres" than Wagner's greatest triumph. Life, which in this cold Occident stretched in bleak, conventional lines before us, takes on a warm, golden hue that harks back to the heritage of Africa and the tropics.

Brothers, the war has shown us the cruelty of the civilization of the West. History has taught us the futility of the civilization of the East. Let ours be the civilization of no *man*, but of *all men*. This is the truth that sets us free.

ANOTHER PAGEANT

FOLLOWING in the wake of the "Star of Ethiopia" which was given in Washington in October, 1915, a Shakespeare pageant was given in the same city in June by the pupils of the colored schools. The book of the pageant—or rather, combination of pageant and mask, for there was much speaking—was written by Mr. George D. Jenifer of the Myrtilla Minor Normal School and directed and staged by a corps of teachers from the various schools in the system. Owing to the uncertainty of the weather and the consequent absence of many of the original participants it was impossible to produce the play as it was at first planned. But the performance as a whole was highly creditable.

The rendition of these pageants made very clear the natural histrionic ability of colored boys and girls. Their dances and rhythms were especially effective and there were two or three individual performers of real merit. This is the dawn of the day for the colored playwright and the colored actor. Not all of us can or care to be either but we must all be ready to foster and appreciate everything that can help to give us an entrance into the world beautiful of art.

THE COLORED AUDIENCE

LET us be frank. The colored audience as I have seen it recently in the colored theatres of large cities is not above reproach. We are an appreciative people certainly, but our appreciation need not take the form of loud ejaculations and guffaws of laughter, particularly when that laughter breaks out in the wrong place. Any actor is pleased when the responsiveness of his audience shows him he has got his lines "across", but the most frenzied Othello can hardly conceal his bewilderment when his attempt to strangle Desdemona provokes shouts of merriment.

Is this state of affairs due to ignorance or thoughtlessness? To a combination of both, I fancy. We cannot afford either. It is true one goes to the theater to be amused, in any event to be diverted, but the establishment and maintenance of the colored theater and the colored actor have at this point of our development a peculiar, though obvious significance. Our actors must be encouraged and not put on a level with mountebanks whose slightest gesture is the signal for laughter. There is no truer encouragment than an intelligent appreciation. We shall have to take lessons in its development. Laughter is desirable, tears also, but each in its place.

CONDUCT, NOT COLOR

A NUMBER of papers have been repeating a recent dictum that it is conduct, not color, that counts in the advance of the Negro race. We wish this

were the truth; but it is not the truth and those who say it know that it is not the truth. Conduct counts, but color counts more. It is this that constitutes the Negro problem.

EFFICIENCY

SEPTEMBER is the real beginning of the New Year, not only for those who are pupils and teachers but also for most people whose playtime ends with the passing of August. Now is the time to make high resolves and to build the determination to fulfil them.

What shall they be for the ten million Negroes of America? Certainly, to be brave, to be honest, to be kind; but most of all to be useful. Efficiency is the slogan of the day. Well, then, we will be efficient in the cause of right and justice. We will refuse to call wrong anything but wrong, or to accept as right anything but right. We will foster all legitimate Negro enterprises. We will subscribe to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and build up THE CRISIS. We will acquaint ourselves with the best world movements and mold ourselves according to the sentiments of their leaders. We will be patient, but not too patient; we will cultivate our sense of humor and our appreciation of dignity. We will be proud of being Negroes.

KEEP ON WRITING

WE have at least 100,000 readers per month, yet out of that number comparatively few wrote us in answer to our request to let us know how they liked the change in the arrangement of THE CRISIS.

This is *your* magazine. We are editing it to serve *you* and to please *you*. When we make a change we do it in the hope that it will make THE CRISIS more valuable to you and your friends.

But we should like to know about it. Keep on writing.

CHILDREN'S NUMBER

REMEMBER the October CRISIS is Children's Number. We want this year to offer the best account of our tiny boys and girls that we have ever published. Pictures of babies and little children from all over the country will be most welcome. But remember: *To be considered all pictures must reach us before September* 5.

PEACE

By G. DOUGLAS JOHNSON

I REST me deep within the wood,
Drawn by its silent call,
Far from the throbbing crowd of men,
On nature's breast I fall.

My couch is sweet with blossoms fair,
A bed of fragrant dreams.
And soft upon my ear there falls
The lullaby of streams.

The tumult of my heart is stilled
Within this sheltered spot,
Deep in the bosom of the wood
Forgetting,—and, forgot!

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ANTI-LYNCHING FUND $10,000

Received July 4 to August 4.

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Twenty-eight contributions of $10	280.00	
Fifty contributions of $5.	250.00	
Contributions under $5.	863.85	
		$5,048.85
Total		$7,260.93

*Contingent upon full $10,000 being raised.

Of the $10,000 Anti-Lynching Fund which we started out to raise before August 1 as a practical answer to the lynching of Jesse Washington at Waco, Tex., $7,260.93 in cash and pledges payable before August 15, are in hand as we go to press. The response has been splendid. Many strong white friends who never before have shown themselves interested in the fight of the Negro for his own salvation, have contributed generously to this fund, but the best part of it is that colored men and women have shown themselves so ready to assume their full share of the load.

Yet it is not enough by $3,000.

Can you afford to let it fail?

If this campaign fails before it is launched through the unwillingness of a thousand prosperous, northern Negro busi-

ness men to go down into their pockets for a couple of dollars apiece, it is likely to be many, many years before so much substantial white backing can be aroused again in a fight to make conditions of life tolerable for the black millions in the South who toil in the shadow of Judge Lynch's court.

But it cannot fail. Read a few of the thousands of letters we have received and keep your purse closed if you can, you Business Leagues and Fraternal Lodges and Women's Clubs.

ATLANTA, GA., July 27, 1916.

DEAR SIR:

I am enclosing check for $17 to apply toward the Anti-Lynching Fund. This money was contributed by the following . . .

We believe that if you can succeed in suppressing lynching you will have done a great deal for the material advancement of the race. Hundreds, I dare say thousands, of families which are now crowded in the cities would go back to the farm with the fear of lynching removed; for to succeed on the farm is now a crime for which the penalty is lynching as note the case of Thomasville, Ga., which the N. A. A. C. P. has probably seen an account of.

J. T. DONALD.

MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL.
BOSTON, July 12, 1916.

MY DEAR MR. SPINGARN:

I am glad to send you $10 toward the Anti-Lynching Fund. I wish I could afford to send you more. There is nothing that so fills me with horror as this cruel, barbarous and unjust treatment of suspected Negroes. . . .

SARA E. PARSONS,
Superintendent of Nurses.

P. S.—Last night I read about the Waco horror for the first time and shall increase my offering to $25. S. E. P.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., July 25, 1916.

MY DEAR SIR:

I happened to be in Galveston, Tex., when the awful Waco horror occurred. I am so very glad of the fund started to investigate lynching in a general way. Put me down for $100 . . . and I truly hope that the balance necessary to carry forward the plan will be raised.

If I had the time I could raise it from among the Negroes themselves. So often I have wished I was able to give my time in helping you good white friends who are laboring to save us from the awful vortex into which American prejudice is pressing us without mercy.

May the Lord bless you and your colaborers.

L. G. JORDON,
Secretary Foreign Mission Board of the National Baptist Convention.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., July 16, 1916.

MY DEAR MR. NASH:

Enclosed please find check for $5 for the Anti-Lynching Fund of your Association.

I am a working woman, with none too many dollars; but if the $10,000 is not raised let me hear from you again.

I cannot understand the apathy of the average American in regard to lynching. To me it is the worst stain on my country's honor.

CORINNE BACON.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 11, 1916.

GENTLEMEN:

Enclosed $25 is for the Anti-Lynching Fund. Yours truly,

JULIAN MACK,
Judge U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

R. F. D., WHIPPANY, N. J.

deair sir in answer to your appeal of July 6, 1916, for helpe—I am sending you one 1.00 more to helpe fight that hellish Lynching industry in the South. May God direct your efforts in the Greatest work that you has ever attempted in all your life—depende on me at all times to do all I can to destroy the Southern monster which is fast creeping North. May God helpe you for we are dependent uppon you to do Something—

Yours respectfully,
J. A. B.

MR. PEABODY GRANTS AN EXTENSION OF TIME

BELIEVING that the colored people of America will more than subscribe the $3,000 if the word can only be gotten to them, we asked Mr. Peabody to grant an extension of time on the basis of the response already made. Here is his reply:

BOSTON, MASS., August 5, 1916.

MY DEAR MR. NASH:

On my arrival here from a short absence in Russia I learn, with surprise and great pleasure, of the generous response made to the proposition to raise ten thousand dollars. I am especially glad that our colored brothers see the importance of the matter and are moving actively in it.

With great pleasure I consent to extend the time from July 31 to September 15. You have accomplished a remarkable work and I congratulate you on it. I now believe that you will succeed in raising the entire amount. Yours very truly,

PHILIP G. PEABODY.

OUR STANDING AT WASHINGTON

THE following notes received by the President of the Washington Branch at his summer home in Massachusetts are

an index of the influence in behalf of colored Civil Service applicants which is constantly being wielded by the splendid organization in the District of Columbia:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.
July 24, 1916.

MY DEAR MR. GRIMKE:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 20th instant relative to the appointment of Glads E. Butler as Printer's Assistant in this Bureau and in reply beg to advise you that I have recommended the appointment of this young woman and she should receive same within the course of a day or two at the most. Very truly yours,

J. E. RALPH,
Director.

WASHINGTON, July 26, 1916.

MY DEAR MR. GRIMKE:

I am in receipt of your card of the 20th stating that you had written Mr. Ralph in regard to my appointment as Printer's Assistant in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and I wish to thank you very much.

I received an appointment this evening, for which I am very thankful to you. I had given up hope of being appointed when the Civil Service Commission informed me, about two months ago, that my name had been certified and rejected three times and would not be sent up again, only upon the request of the Director. It was through your influence and interest that I have been appointed and I wish to express my appreciation and thanks.

Wishing the N. A. A. C. P. every success and best wishes, for it has greatly benefited me and I will give it my hearty co-operation. Respectfully yours,

GLADS E. BUTLER.

LEGAL TRIUMPHS

THE recently chartered local at York, Pa., began its organized activities by interesting itself in the case of Aberdeen Robinson, a colored boy of sixteen who was convicted of assault and battery on a white boy larger than himself and sentenced to the reformatory at Huntingdon. The York Local found that it was merely a boy's fight in which Robinson had happened to come out victor; that he had no record of any previous trouble, but, on the contrary, was an industrious lad whose $7 a week wages was the main support of an infirm father and younger sister. When these facts were presented to the district attorney the boy was paroled in the custody of the Local, and returned to his job.

On the other side of the continent the President of the Los Angeles Branch, E. Burton Ceruti, won a signal legal triumph in getting the death sentence in the case of Thomas Miller changed to life imprisonment. Miller had committed murder; but there was considerable question as to whether he was a sane and responsible person. Mr. Ceruti interested himself in the case, secured a new trial, went through a panel of three hundred before a satisfactory jury could be secured, gave up his practice in Los Angeles for six weeks while fighting the case through in Santa Barbara, and succeeded in saving the man's neck.

BRANCH MEETINGS

HOW popular the Northern California Branch is becoming in the communities about San Francisco Bay is indicated by the fact that the first prize in a ticket selling contest for the entertainment given July 14 went to Mrs. Hudson for selling four hundred and eighty-four tickets at twenty-five cents each. In addition to an elaborate musical program, the Trial scene from the Merchant of Venice was given. Local merchants contributed eighteen handsome prizes.

In the interest of the Anti-Lynching Fund Miss Elizabeth Freeman, who made the Waco investigation for the N. A. A. C. P., spoke during the latter half of July before branch mass meetings in Philadelphia, Detroit, Toledo, Columbus, Springfield, Cleveland, Louisville, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Gary, Ind., Buffalo, Providence and New York. The New York Branch, only two months old, is very proud of the fact that it far outstripped all the older branches in its contribution to the fund. At the Harlem meeting, addressed by Miss Freeman, the Honorable James W. Johnson, of the New York *Age*, and Dr. Sinclair of Philadelphia, over $300 was contributed. Although the time and distance made it impossible to arrange a more extensive tour for Miss Freeman, almost all of the Branches have gone ahead with their own campaign in the interest of the fund and will be heard from before it is closed.

THE RESPONSE OF THE CHURCHES

THE only place where an appeal for help in our fight against lynching has been made and refused is in the churches. The Waco Supplement was sent together with a letter to the pastors of eighteen hundred churches of all denominations in Greater New York. We asked that on either July 23 or 30 they protest publicly against such monstrous barbarity on American soil and give their congregations an opportunity to contribute to the $10,000 fund. Not one of the eighteen hundred, Catholic, Protestant, Greek or Jew, white or colored, responded. The Church of Christ of the Twentieth Century stands exactly where the Church of Christ stood in the days of the Abolitionists.

A FRAGMENT

By ROSE DOROTHY LEWIN

IN looking over some neglected papers and documents the other day, I suddenly came upon the following fragment, wedged in between two drawers of an old removable wash stand. I have read it and now I give it to the world to read.—Anonymous.

December 3, 19—

MY face is black, my heart is white. I hate the God who made me so. I *hate* the——

Yes, I suppose I am hard and bitter to-night and if I want this diary to help me I ought not to allow each word I write in it to cut into me and make me suffer more. But the realization of it all has become of late so overwhelming, so hideous, so helpless, that I must relieve the pent-up despair that is in me, or I shall choke. So I have decided to keep a diary, to talk myself out, to pretend that the blank paper is my friend and confident. I need one so, that even a pretended one is better than none. I cannot write in the literary sense and I shall not try to. Diaries ought not to contain anything that is not real or spontaneous, ought they? If they do, they are not diaries; they are affectations. They are not the real thoughts and feelings of the writer, as I want my diary to be. I suppose most diaries are of soft red leather with "Diary" or "Daily Thoughts" written on the top in gold letters. I passed some just like that the other day. They were very pretty, but mine isn't. Why, it is just a plain blank book, like I used to use in school, with "JOAN BROWN, HER FEELINGS," written on the first page. But it will be like a red leather one to me, and perhaps more precious than the finest leather one ever was to any one else. It's going to be a confidant. The very thinking of the word makes me feel better already. I imagine the most wonderful thing in all the world is to own someone who understands you; who doesn't even need to be told things, who doesn't even need to talk to you, but somehow who just understands. And I am going to pretend that my diary understands and sympathizes silently. But, oh! That takes a good pretender! Anyway, I always could make believe, and now I am going to try again. Every night as soon as my work is over, I am coming straight to you, to tell you all the things that happened during the day; all that I think and feel, just as though you were a real, real friend.

"JOAN"

It's too late to begin to-night, but to-morrow we'll start to know each other. Good night.

December 4.

I've always dreaded the nights; but to-day I was almost anxious for nine o'clock to come. I pretended so hard that I really believed myself. I have been singing to myself all day, "You have a friend waiting for you".

And now to know each other. Of course, you are a woman friend for the present, so you'll want to know how I look. No, I am not very black and my lips aren't thick and my hair doesn't crinkle. I have often heard visitors remark upon my appearance. "Why, she hardly looks colored. In fact,

she's very sweet looking." No, I'm not conceited. That only makes it harder—my soft brown, almost white complexion, and my almost straight hair. I suppose I am pretty—for a Negro girl.

Oh, it's no curse to be a Negro, if you are content to live a black existence. But I am not. I can't! My inside is different from my outside. For as far back as I can remember, I have realized that I was different from my Negro people. I remember when quite a little child how the crowded quarters in which we lived, the unsanitary surroundings and the unclean, degrading atmosphere used to hurt something inside of me. There were four of us—my mother, father, brother and myself. I remember the loud, coarse bickering that used to pass between my father and brother and how I used to recoil at it. Meal-times were an actual torture to me. The only happy recollections which I have of my early life are my mother and my school life.

My mother and I were very close to each other. We were real friends. I can see her now, sewing by the kitchen window and looking up with her cheerful smile, as I came running home from school. There were always a glass of milk and some cookies waiting on the corner of the shelf; and after I had devoured both with all the keen enjoyment of a hungry little girl, I used to flop down on a cushion at her knees and tell her all the little things that happened during the day, from the teacher's new skirt to Jane Smith's report card.

Sometimes I feel that if I could only flop down at her knees now and tell her everything all the ache and tear would stop. I can almost hear her consoling me, because I didn't get Miss Jones at promotion time, and instead got Miss Tray, "the crankiest teacher in all the school."

"Wall, mah honey," I can hear her voice saying, "you dun got Miss Tray, and dat's all der is to it. All de talkin' in de world ain't goin' to turn her into Miss Jones, so you just quit frettin' and make the best of it. Mebbe you'll be de star pupil in Miss Tray's class, whar you couldn't be in Miss Jones'. You jest try now and make the best of it."

Would she tell me the same thing now, I wonder? Yes, I suppose so, but she'd understand, too. I am tired, tired of having been put in the wrong class and trying to make the best of it.

December 5.

It was my mother alone who understood what my school life meant to me. She shielded me continually from the scoffs and taunts of my brother and my father, who thought that I "had jest a' plenty of edjication and it was time I should git to work." She took in sewing and even went out to work occasionally as a laundress or waitress, in order that I might remain at school. When I learned of this, my childish heart was seized with remorse, and I pleaded with her to let me stop.

"Dar, dar, honey," she answered, "dat little work ain't goin' to hurt me. Wat you think, I'se a'goin' to let you grow up into a no-account dis-edjicated pussoñ? No, indeed, youse agoin' to finish your schoolin', as long as I'se a' got two hands to let you do it."

I hear someone calling. I must stop.

December 6.

And so I finished elementary school. Those were happy days. I never realized I was black then, for not only did I associate with the white children in the class, but some of them were my staunch friends. They did not like me the less because I was black, nor did I feel ill at ease with them. My dresses were always clean and even pretty. My person, thanks to my mother, was always neat. My really earnest work in school won for me the approval and good fellowship of my teachers. I shall always remember the sweetness with which they treated me and some long, delightful special-occasion talks with them, prompted both by good and bad behavior.

I wonder now that some of my visits to the principal's office did not end in more disastrous results, for I did have a streak of mischievous devilment in me, although I never lied or cheated in my work—except once. And then I did not know that I was cheating. It was in the history test and in the middle of it I bent down to pick up my pencil, which had dropped. Now, May McMannis was sitting behind me and she never could remember history dates, or kings, or wars, and had flunked two tests before, which made her graduation look doubtful. And when my pencil dropped I knew that she could see my answer on wars and I knew that she knew And she knew that I knew. So, I just unbuttoned a few buttons of my shoe and buttoned them up again. But you see, May McMannis trusted

my literary ability implicitly and didn't bother to alter any part of my answering paragraph, even to the misspelled word. So our teacher just naturally drew conclusions. We puzzled for a good while after how she found out.

I was very ashamed after the kindly lecture she gave me and felt as though I owed May an apology. I was as anxious as she concerning her graduation, for I knew that might count against it. Although I wasn't anxious about mine, oh, how surprised and beside myself I was, when I heard I was valedictorian. Hardly heeding the congratulations of my teachers and school-mates, I raced home, as soon as school was dismissed, and burst into my mother's arms, asking her to guess in one breath, and telling her in the next. She picked me up in her arms and rocked me like a child. "I knowed it, I knowed it, mah honey," she kept reiterating, and one or two tears rolled down her cheeks. "And May McMannis graduated and passed her history with seventy-two per cent," I added happily.

"Wall, dat was fine," my mother answered heartily, "and in consideration of all dem grand happenins, you run around de corner and git some ice cream and cream puffs and we'll have a regular party togither." I could have wished for no finer party than that one.

December 7.

Graduation day approached. I had been in the wildest excitement all the week before. Each last day of school seemed precious to me. I enjoyed anew every feature of the day's program, from the breathless excitement of hearing marks to the nervous tension of marching down the aisle in practice. Graduation day came! We were dismissed earlier than usual in order to have more time for dressing. I went home and ate a mysteriously long lunch under my mother's twinkling, though watchful, eye. She confessed to me later that I ate two eggs instead of one and two lamb chops "breaded like as tho' it were one." My mother seldom partook of little delicacies that she insisted upon my eating. "Don' like chops honey," she would say conclusively, "they make me indigestive."

After the last morsel of food had bumped its hurried way down, I went inside to dress. I had left the dress I intended to wear on the bed that morning. It was a simple white one, beautifully laundered. My hair ribbon also was washed and ironed, and I thought I looked really like new. The idea of getting a new dress had been a beautiful, impossible, secret dream, for the other had been worn only a few times, and, as my father said, "looked a darn sight nicer dan any other nigger's on de block." With my mother's most efficient aid, we scrubbed myself from top to bottom. Finally, I stood a freshly starched vision, with my dress just ready to slip over my head. I turned my back for my mother to button. So quietly that I hardly noticed, she slipped the dress from me, threw it across the bed, pulled out a box from under the bed, opened it with precision, withdrew a mass of dainty white, and helped me to get into it. Tears came, making my throat throb and my eyes burn. I stood in silence, while my mother buttoned the small buttons into the fine eyelets, and tied a broad rich ribbon around my waist and another on my hair. Then she pulled my petticoat down, leaned back, eyeing me askance with pride and amusement beaming from her face.

"Dar now, honey," she said at length, "dat der dress is much more suitable for a maid o' honor dan de oder. You reckon yo' Mammy wouldn't make you a new dress to graduate in? Now you kin look, honey."

Truly, I looked nice. My hair was silky and rather long, and the creamy white ribbon, tied in the butterfly bow, looked well. My dress was not stiff and fancy, but soft and simple, with sprays of exquisite embroidery, worked at nights after I had gone to sleep.

My eyes filled with tears and my lips trembled when I tried to speak. And when she drew in from the window a little bouquet of white rosebuds and pinned them on the dress, I could no longer contain myself, and, shaken with passionate gratitude for her dear thought, I threw my arms around her neck and burst into a paroxysm of sobbing. My mother understood, and just patted my head silently. And then we both laughed as we stood over the heater to dry the teary bosoms of our dresses.

That day was the happiest of my life. Never since have I felt that same exquisite thrill of joyous expectancy—and equality.

December 9.

My mother insisted that I go to high school, and relieved every worry and qualm which I had about going. Together we planned the future.

I entered into my new program with the keenest delight and enjoyed immensely the studies of Latin and French. I worked earnestly and did well. My mother helped me by her proud encouragement, but my father and brother thought that I was "jest enuff edjicated," and put a damper on my happiness.

There was something else, too, which prevented me from being as happy as when I was in the grades. My class-mates were older now and I was no longer one of them. They made me feel in a hundred cruel little ways that I was a "nigger" and therefore beneath them. I was too proud to show the hurt, which grew deeper every day, and stayed by myself a good deal of the time. I was furiously resentful. And, furthermore, I felt above most of the girls, who so plainly looked down upon me. A good many of them were of the type to whom their school-life was simply a pastime, whose thoughts were filled, not with their work, but with boys and clothes. And their minds were not clean and wholesome, as my mother had helped mine to remain despite the evil and filth which I could not help but see around me.

I was fortunate in finding a friend in the English instructress. Certain themes of mine interested her, and she made it a point to draw me into conversation after school hours. My work in English was good and I loved the subject. She tactfully guided my choice of books, so that my reading was both fine and uplifting.

I wanted to earn money after school hours, in order that my mother might discontinue her sewing. But she would not hear of it. She helped me to devote most of my time to study, and shielded me from any disapproval on my father's part.

December 12.

I was in my third term when my mother died. Her death was peaceful and beautiful, entailing no suffering or dread. And if there had been a long, hopeless illness, the strong, beautiful faith which was her's, would have helped her to bear it.

Her death was a great shock to all of us. No, I wasn't shocked, I was dazed. I shed no tears from the time she died to the time her body was laid away. I couldn't. They just wouldn't come. My father grieved sorely, but he couldn't show it. He gruffly asked me whether I wanted to remain at school, but I was too proud to do so, and, like every Negro girl of my acquaintance, I prepared to get a position.

What was there open to me? I was black.

For a year I was a waitress in a small restaurant. The life was bitter to me, after the school life I had enjoyed so much. Somehow, I was different. I could not take to it as the other Negro girls did. I hated the monotony and the brain-deadening of it, for I soon tired of studying the types of people that came under my service. They were all fundamentally alike—all narrow, hardened, pleasure-loving—all pitifully trapped in their own little spheres of society and bought happiness.

My father asked me for no share of my wages, nor did he offer to keep them for me, so I saved my money in the back of my bureau drawer, spending only enough to furnish myself with plain black clothes. Sometimes I bought second-hand books. Long nights of reading and occasional visits to my old English teacher were my only recreations. I could not, would not, enjoy what the others spent their time in doing.

My hours were long and tiresome. I was on my feet from seven until nine. Guests treated the white-aproned, black girls, as though they were mechanical contrivances. They did not know, nor care to, how our feet and heads ached. They could not realize that kitchen annoyances were no fault of ours. Some of them were unmerciful.

The first summer through which I worked was a long, hot one, and the work was steady and hard. At nights I almost used to pray that I could dream of green country and books and wild, fragrant flowers.

The numb, hopeless chasm in me had begun to ache and tear and I wanted my mother. My home life was cold and unsympathetic; but when I took sick and was laid up for a month, both my father and brother surprised me by their tenderness and attention. I never knew they really loved me, and it helped a great deal. I was very sick. The doctor's bills were high and it was not until he was driven to it that my father allowed me to use my own earnings toward paying them.

December 14.

One night, while I was reading in my room, I heard my father and brother talking with a strange man in the adjoining room. I could not help hearing them. "Now you and Dan, you all come along," the strange voice was saying. "I'll meet you down at the station at six sharp. It's a good chance

you gittin' to start west with the noo company, case you see a lot of noo stuff and de work ain't hard, jest diggin'. Don't you lose it."

"No," my father's voice answered decidedly, "I can't. I got a gal I can't leave, chance, or no chance. Since the old leddy died she ain't got no one to go to. And I'm her pop, and I'm goin' to stick near her. Dan can go if he wants, but I'm goin' to stay behind."

I threw my book aside, and hardly stopping to think, went into the next room and spoke impulsively.

"Father, if you've got a chance, you go on. I'm old enough now to take care of myself. You've never had a *real* chance and I won't let you give this one up."

We talked about it until late into the night—my father, brother and I. I never knew they were so loyal, but I insisted that they go, persuaded them that I could manage well alone, and the next morning at five o'clock, they started off.

They left me standing by the door, watching their great broad backs disappear down the street, with tears in my eyes and an unbidden lump in my throat. Thus I stood, long after they had gone from my sight. Then I slowly turned and gazed fixedly upon the squalid stone fronts, bathed in the silent grayness of the coming day. The broken red shutter on the window of the flat across the street imprinted itself upon my mind, and my thoughts centered dully upon the redness and the brokenness of it. The passage of an occasional wagon, or the slamming of a door resounded through the quiet street with a hollow, ghastly echo. I know not how long I stood thus in that almost hypnotic trance, but slowly, slowly my thoughts and faculties were concentrating upon the one big reality—I was alone!

December 15.

I shall never forget my feelings, when I again found myself in the little flat. It was not yet six o'clock, and the rooms were dank with the early morning chill, upset in the hasty packing, and altogether dark and dreary-looking. I seated myself wearily by the kitchen table, and dropped my head upon my arms. I heeded not the unwashed coffee cups, or the stale odor of bacon. I was soon lost to my surroundings, and my mind was struggling as through a mist, for a clear grasp upon the situation, and a decided determination as to what I should do.

My father had left me a little money—almost all that he had. The rent for the closing month had not been paid, leaving me but little with which to start my new life. I decided, however, to stay the month out in my present quarters, living as meagerly as possible, and then to move to some cheap boarding-house.

Until far into the morning I pondered upon future employment. My heart rebelled at going into service again. I set that aside as the very last thing. Oh, I knew that there were many higher, finer things that I could do, if I weren't black! I knew that I was fit for better. But I knew, too, that work was imperative, and I set out to apply for the position of a waiting woman in a theater. It was all that was open to me.

I secured the position. The wages were small, pitifully so. For five months I starved, physically and mentally, because I could find nothing better. I was black. Then it was that I was really thrust into the clutch of the life that I had merely seen around me before. The struggle of those months seems to me now, to have been unbearable, but somehow, we always rise to real trouble and misfortune, and often surprise ourselves in the great amount of latent strength that is brought to the front. But I *did* win my fight, though at times I think it was only a thought of my mother that kept me from giving in. Sometimes I would get so very tired.

However, at the end of five months I found that I was weakening under the constant nervous strain, the lack of food and rest. I had no friends, but I longed so for one. My ideal of friendship was high, and I could not cheapen it by that which was false and petty. I knew no Negro girl to whom I could be a friend or who could be a friend to me. And a white girl friend, well—I was black. As for marriage the thought never entered my head, and if it had I should have shuddered at it. I would never bring a white-hearted little Negro into the world.

One night I thought of my old English teacher. Without hesitancy, I sought her out for advice and help. I shall never forget her kindness, or the quiet happiness of that long evening's talk. What a beautiful mother went to waste in her!

It was through her that I obtained my present position. I am a "refined nurse maid in a private family."

December 18.

I have been in this house for two years. I revel in the refinement and culture of my surroundings. My position is not a hard one. It consists mainly in the care of three little children. I love them and they love me. I am happy with them.

The rest of the family consists of father, mother, older son and daughter. Altogether it is a happy and beautiful home, but I have been here two years and I know that there is an exquisite *something* which is lacking.

It is understanding and sympathy. The members of the family have drifted into their various little pigeon holes and they have pasted up unmistakable "Privates" on the outside. Even the children confide in me far more than in their mother. Ah, what a pity! Marriage, I think, ought to be a beautiful understanding between husband and wife. Children ought to be expressions of their love and sympathy.

But I must not—for almost two years I have smothered human thoughts. Yes, for almost two years I have crushed myself into my body, for my body is black, and my soul must stay within its bounds. For almost two years I have refused to think of myself—recognize myself—pity myself. I have satisfied my mind by reading books and studying—my inclinations by gradually making my room pretty and tasteful—my heart by loving the little children in my charge; but my soul—my soul, I have refused to acknowledge. For almost two years I have loved him, with a soul that belongs not to this body. Oh, I am hardened now, I know. I can say it over and over and not have it cut into me with a horrible pain. After almost two years of constant ache and torture, one hardly feels any more. My love throbs from morning to night, but it is without my body. I am almost happy in loving him, watching him, being in the same home with him. No, no one knows it. I have kept the secret for almost two years.

December 19.

I did not "fall in love" with him. There was none of the silly school girl emotion about it. I simply grew to love him so naturally, so almost peacefully, that I hardly realized it—until it was too late. Until not even the cruel realization of my position and race could check the steady throbbing, exquisite love I felt for him.

At first, I only admired him for his manliness and strength, both in appearance and action. I thought him so good to look at, not because he was handsome; he isn't really; but because of a certain ruggedness and sincerity, mixed somehow with a seriousness and humor, which seemed to radiate from his eyes and play about his mouth. And then when I had the children in the drawing-room an hour before bed-time, I used to sit in the farthest corner of the window seat and watch the family circle. Mother, father, sister, children and brother were seldom all there together. But there were but few times when the big brother was missing.

The children and he are good pals and he has always made it a rule to romp with them after supper. I think it was those little romp watches that slowly kindled my admiration, my admiration into respect, my respect into love. The way he used to play with the youngsters, tease his sister, chat with his father and attend his mother—the way he quietly settled certain family questions of which I could not very well be ignorant—the way each member of the family, from baby to father, confided in him, and looked for sympathy or help—the little things he did, such as bringing in a hungry newsboy for a warm bite, or helping the laundress carry the basket of clothes down to the cellar, when he was nearby, or finding one of the baby's broken toys on the floor and mending it before returning it to its place—all these things won their way into my consciousness, and then into my heart. He seemed to be the center link of the family, and cruelly unconscious of it, he held me, too.

I remember the night I found it out. The singing of my heart in all its new-found joy and then—the realization.

Week followed week in exquisite joy and pain. I half-dreaded the evening hour, after I knew I loved him. For the love so quickly grew into a woman's love. Oh, God, I *am* a *woman*, though a black one! One can't help being a woman. I am not ashamed of it, no, no I'm not! So often I've wanted to go to him and run my fingers through his hair and forget for a moment the difference between us. I suppose I ought to be ashamed, but I can't. Every time I see a little child I somehow see him, too. It doesn't degrade me to love him—it seems to liberate my soul. It brings forth the womanhood of me—the womanhood which choke;

me, embitters me, in its sheer fruitlessness and waste!

The other day I returned to the library for the baby's book. He was at the table with his head upon his arms. It was a cruel moment for me. He did not know I was there, and for the moment I pretended I was white, and that he loved me, and that I went and took his head in my arms—and then he felt my presence and looked up. He found the book for me. I thanked him and immediately left the room. He must never know.

December 21.

Tonight he brought his bride-to-be to the house. She is a dainty little white thing. Please God, she will make him happy!

December 23.

I must dwell no longer upon him.

Today was an "inside-the-body" day. The air was damp and the children and I stayed in the nursery. They did not go to school, so I heard their lessons for an hour or so and then we played together. They are too near to God yet to judge me by my race. I have their complete confidence and trust. I try never to abuse it, either by a false word or action. I do not even laugh at them or scold them, though today I was perilously near doing both.

Harold, aged four, was standing by the window this morning, and suddenly turned to me and threw his arms about my neck, crying:

"Oh, I am so glad it is too foxy to go to school! We can stay with you all day."

Dorothy, buried in a story-book, looked up with all the pride of two-years' superiority written upon her serious little face and said, patronizingly, "Oh, he doesn't mean foxy, Joan, he means froggy." Whereupon she gave the most tiny little chuckle, and returned to her reading. I could see his eyes twinkle, then, and the humorous unimitable little twists appear at the corners of his mouth. I could hear him turn to Harold and say seriously, "Why, of course, you mean froggy!"

This afternoon I found the baby missing from the room, when I returned from the kitchen with the crackers and milk. Neither of the children had seen him leave the room, so we searched under the divan, behind the chairs and into the closets. In the midst of our search the truant appeared upon the scene.

There he stood, a sorry little object! His clothes clung close to his dripping little body, his straight wisps of blond hair were plastered to his forehead in grotesque designs. His round, blue wistful eyes were filled blinkingly with his own tears of fright and chagrin mixed with the steady drippings from his hair. A small puddle around his feet increased amazingly fast in wetness and size. "Tub slipped," whimpered the small sophist. Though he and his boat should have had the strength of character to resist the tempting call of running water in the bathtub, he was such an unhappy, shivering little mite that I could not resist going to him and taking him in my arms. He was so funny-looking. I hope he will not catch cold.

They made me half forget today.

December 27.

The family have gone to Florida suddenly, all except him and myself. At first, I, too, was going with the children; but instead an aunt has offered to take them, and it was thought best that I should stay here to oversee things. The children clung to me at leaving; but they are within riding distance from me.

Such bustling preparations, dressmakers, milliners, packing and all. I pretended, while I was packing the trunks, that the beautiful gowns were mine, and that he was my brother or my sweetheart—and that I was white. God knows, I'm white and pure underneath. I've a right to be white of skin. Oh, I want a chance. I want to work at worth-while things—I want to love and be loved—I want to *live!* Why haven't we Negroes a chance? We have our good traits to contribute to the race—if we could!

Ah, yes, the world *thinks* that it gives us a chance. But what a chance! Of course, I admit that there are some sections of us who are lazy, lying and slovenly. But what race is without its filth? And what race cannot contribute something to human betterment? Why I'd be *proud* to be a Negro if we were acknowledged, not tolerated. If we were not pushed forward with one foot and stepped upon with the other! But I do want to live and grow, and why can't we? We have something to give to civilization, if we were only brought forth and believed in. The Negro voice, alone, is a soft beautiful thing, but it is ridiculed and not cultivated. Negro rhythm and natural love and talent for music are known and ignored.

Loyalty is almost a universal trait with us, and the Negro heart, before it has been turned and incensed, is as good and true as any white man's heart. The Negro brain is as clear and strong as any white man's brain, but—ah, yes, I know he has a chance at education, but it's more of a toleration than a chance, and who can thrive on toleration?

Oh, God, I am sure there are many Negroes who feel as I, but it's such a useless, futile cry, and slowly we realize that it is; and our souls, and our minds and our bodies become weary of the futility of it, and we relax our tension, and we bend, and finally —we break.

My brother would have made a worthwhile man, but he ran an elevator most of his life, and his soul and his mind and his body just stagnated. And at length, even I had to acknowledge—that he, too, had sunk into the half animal state of the others of his acquaintances who were thrust into similar positions. But I do insist that if his brain and body could have been employed in more noble work the qualities which were his at birth would have grown to fit that work. And now he's digging.

Yes, there are those who must toil in machinery's place; there are those who must employ but animal sense and force, but why, why should this burden be thrown upon the Negro race, without question or thought? Because we are willing to take it? And why? Because we *must* take it or do without work.

And finally our ambitions die, and we grow reconciled and then shamelessly content with ourselves. And I, I simply have not yet become content: I don't *want* to be "a high-class nurse girl in a refined home!" I *hate* it! I'm *stagnating!* I'm *wasting* myself! And I'm helpless.

I thank God that my mother has not lived to know that the purity and beauty of her soul have become a curse in the body of her daughter. What will be the end of it?

January 13.

I have not had a chance to write. Something has happened. A few days after the family left he came down with typhoid. I, alone, have been nursing him. All the rest of the servants, except old Mary, have fled in fear. I pleaded with the doctor to let me nurse him instead of a hired nurse. He tried me for a day or so and then consented. This is the first time I have left him, even to rest. He is better—he will live. In his delirium he has been thinking that I am his sweetheart and he has been holding me close to him, passionately telling me of his love, his gratitude for her care, his—oh, its cruel to me. It started the hideous inside bleeding all over again. But I could not tell him that she was *afraid* to come and I—was just Joan, the black nurse-maid.

He has been ill for almost two weeks. The doctor says he will regain complete consciousness, perhaps tomorrow. I shall not nurse him while he can recognize me. He will know my secret. I have been very happy with him—pretending. It seems that I have pretended most of my life away.

The doctor told me that I alone have saved him. I am thankful for it, though I have saved him—for her.

January 14.

The doctor will not let me stay up with him tonight. He has insisted upon my resting in my room, until he stops in to see me on his way out.

He does not know yet.

Now, I am suddenly very tired, and my eyes and lips are burning me, and my body feels as though——

Her love did liberate her soul. Two days after she contracted the fever, her body was laid to rest.

FAME

By G. DOUGLAS JOHNSON

THRU the land of tribulation,
O'er the river of despair,
When the taut heart snaps with tension,
Fame awaits you, smiling there.

After love has all been wasted,
After every song is sung;
Late—too late, the world will crown you,
Useless! Love and song are done.

Shadows of Light

1. BASEBALL TEAM OF 25TH INFANTRY STATIONED AT HONOLULU.
2. "SHAKESPEARE'S DAUGHTERS," DECAGYNIAN CLUB, FISK UNIVERSITY.
3. DEBATING TEAM, VIRGINIA UNION UNIVERSITY.

TROOPERS OF THE 10TH CAVALRY, KILLED AT CARRIZAL, MEXICO, BEING BURIED IN ARLINGTON CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

DR. C. V. ROMAN has given us in his "American Civilization and the Negro" the most comprehensive work on that subject written by a colored man. Both his scholastic and medical experience have stood him in good stead in his study of the Negro in the South. His outlook, as he compares the Negro with the rest of humanity, is very hopeful.

The *Independent*, in speaking of his book, says:

"His work is a strong defense of the Negro of the South, and he finds every ground for encouragement in the progress which the race is making.

"A chapter is devoted to showing how every charge of cruelty or superstition or ignorance brought against the Negro may be matched by equal evils and crimes in the history of white races, even at the present day. We especially commend the volume to those for whom it was probably intended, those of colored blood, who need to have both their pride and their ambition stimulated in the midst of an environment too often depressing."

American Civilization and the Negro, by C. V. Roman, Philadelphia. Davis. $2.50.

THE members of Sinn Fein have set the world a-thinking. Mr. Louis Untermyer in the current number of the *Masses* writes thus:

TO ENGLAND

(*Upon the Execution of the Three Irish Poets—Pearse, MacDonagh and Plunkett—After the Uprising in Dublin.*)

Saviour of Little Folk; no less!
  You, with your heritage of hate!
Champion of little people—yes;
  And murderer of the great.

Thief of the world, you stole their lands
  And shot them down, or made them hang;
Not for the swords within their hands
  But for the song they sang.

A song that flamed and would not die
  Till it had burned the fetters free,
And spurred men on, and given the lie
  To your pretense of liberty.

Why then put by the guns and whips;
  Take them, and play the champion's part . . .
You, with a prayer upon your lips
  And murder in your heart.

MISS JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE, a worker in a Presbyterian mission on the West Coast of Africa, has written a truly remarkable book. It is called "Black Sheep" and relates in an original and almost rhythmic style her adventures as she traveled by the sea and through the forest to far-off wonderful places. The black people, as she depicts them, have a curiously pathetic charm; but her mode of presentation is so remote and impersonal as to make them seem almost visionary. Indeed, the peculiar quality of the whole book is its tendency to aloofness. From every page is wafted a faint, pervasive impression of weariness as though the author had been fatigued for a long time by the immensity of her work—perhaps more mentally so than physically.

But the book is charming. Her pictures are Greek in their delicate conciseness. And yet, oddly enough, when she translates the sayings of those misty far-off people, she uses an idiom which makes one think of the delightful expressions of the Irish in their tales of the "little people."

Three pictures are exquisite; here is one:

"At about ten o'clock we came into the deserted villages of Mengama. My funny Ebolo in his tattered, his really catastrophic trousers, found an old harp in a house. He put aside his load—the kitchen load, all pots and pans—and was a new man. He sang our adventures in a beautiful voice—a mock sentimental voice, all laughter and bathos, and mellow, mocking tremolo. I loved him for it. It was a purple patch, a ragged purple patch in the garment of the journey."

Here follows indeed "a small sweet idyl":

"Another stretch of forest and we came into the new clearing of Asok. Later in

the day I came back to this place. In the middle of the leafy disorder of his clearing the headman sat in his little shelter,—a young man, heavily braceleted with ivory. There were lots of men in this settlement, and presently many women gathered, all bustled and coiffed, and some rubbed with red powder. Every one was busy; men making furniture for the new town, women knotting little nets, shelling peanuts, grinding corn; and all this individual industry going forward in a kind of common gayety. I think I never saw so—how shall I give you an idea—so harmonious a scene. As I spoke to these people about the things of God there came a pause in the industry. The tool was arrested. The hands of the women bruising green leaves in wooden troughs and the grinders at the stones were idle. Men laughed with a kind of wonder. One woman flashed with interest behind her mask of purple tattoo and bright beads. Another bridled young thing gazed in a great stillness. I see this thing in my heart like a thing shut in from time and change, and I wish that I may never forget it."

And then this last delicious whimsy:

"The road west of Ambam to the beach is beautiful, open, but not too open. In a village by the way I had a half-hour session with a proud blacksmith,—the Ntum are great blacksmiths,—and we parted with tears, or nearly. 'We men,' said he, 'love to tell tales in the palaver house and when we are telling our tales, where is the ring I will be showing the other men to prove that the white woman and I, we are friends?' 'If you speak of tales,' said I, 'I love to tell a tale myself, and where is the present you will be giving me to show my friends when I say that I and the blacksmith from Akumbetye, we are friends?' More of such gentle hints, followed by an exchange of keepsakes. Brass for ivory, and some magic in the ivory, too."

THE BURNING QUESTION

MR. J. T. WINSTON, of Bryan, Tex., wrote in June to the Editor of the *Nation* a defence of lynching, in which he advised white Southerners to give up "our effort to maintain under difficulties our inheritance of European civilization and adopt, with some additions of our own, the savagery we send missionaries to preach against in Africa."

Mr. L. P. Chamberlayne, of Columbia, S. C., from whose reply the above quotation is taken, hits squarely from the shoulder:

"The fact that Mr. Winston was born in the North does not affect his being totally in the wrong. He has no case whatever. Doubtless men are driven to the verge of madness by the horrible nature of some crimes, but the crime of rape is by no means confined to our time or our country, and there is no way of getting around the plain truth that we Southerners are no more privileged than other people to maintain manhunts and torturing-orgies and yet at the same time enjoy the repute of high civilization.

"If Mr. Winston will take the trouble to look up the records, he will find that not one-half of the Negroes lynched are even accused of rape. It is often said that lynching is 'only for the one crime,' but that is the merest talk. A Negro was murdered in this State within the last three years for hiding under a house. Last summer, according to the Tennessee papers, two white men were 'lynched' in Arkansas for being poor and accused of stealing hogs. If we would stop talking of 'lynching' and say 'murder' or 'kill' in plain English, it would help to clear people's ideas.

"Mr. Winston thinks white men would be lynched just as promptly as Negroes for the same crime. I can only say that rape and criminal assault by white men are quite well-known crimes in this State, as in many others, but while private murder in revenge sometimes occurs for this cause, I cannot recall a case of mob-murder for the crime of rape except when a Negro was the criminal.

"Mr. Winston justifies mob-murder by reciting the harrowing details of a murder and violation which came under his own knowledge. His emotion is natural and human, but that does not make me, for one, stagger for a moment in my conviction that lynching is murder and a peculiar disgrace to the community that condones it. Mr. Winston's personal way of putting the argument for lynching is the standard method of confuting the other side. I confess it has few terrors for me. If I allowed grief and anguish to turn me into a savage, I should be a savage all the same. It is distasteful to make declarations about one's own future conduct in case a particularly hideous possibility should occur, but facts would remain facts.

"Finally, I will say this: In this matter, as in every other, fear causes cruelty. I know there is reason for fear on the part of people who live in thinly settled country districts in Texas, South Carolina, and every other Southern State. But the same reason for fear exists in some measure in every country. The great dread that is said to haunt every southern woman on the plantations is not by any means entirely imaginary, but it is certainly partly so. A certain school of novelists and a certain kind of politician make their living off it. They make a business of painting fearful pictures of this special danger. It is money in their pockets to keep the nerves of people on edge and their imaginations inflamed with this particular fear. Of course, these writers and politicians did not create the fear, which is based on many undoubted facts, as everybody knows, but what everybody does not know is that this particular fear is often based on pure imagination. Every doctor and every experienced criminal lawyer knows that, and when women are more generally treated as intelligent as well as emotional beings, they will know it, too. If I had space I could give chapter and verse for at least two lynchings in South Carolina in the last few years which those best informed attribute to baseless fear, or at least to panicky nervousness on the part of women whom nobody had attacked at all. In fact, much of our lynching evil is simple mass-nervousness, like the somewhat similar witch-burnings of the past.

"It makes no difference in my conclusions, but it may make a difference in how they are regarded, if I say that I am a Southerner born and bred, have lived in South Carolina six years, am a Democrat in politics, and the son of a Confederate soldier."

Echoes from the Waco horror are still in the air. Under the caption of "An American Atrocity," the *Independent* remarks:

"The horrible details of the affair may be found in the special supplement to the July issue of THE CRISIS, the ablest organ of the Negro race.

"If THE CRISIS account is correct, and we have no reason to doubt its veracity, the Waco lynching is about the foulest blot on American civilization that has been perpetrated in this generation, both because of the incredibly hideous tortures inflicted on the criminal and because the law in its normal course would have expiated the crime with the sentence of death, and there could be no conceivable charge that justice had miscarried.

"Waco is indelibly disgraced. Texas is indelibly disgraced. The United States is indelibly disgraced. Is there not enough courage in Waco or Texas—unfortunately nothing can be done outside the State—to see to it that punishment is meted out to those who participated in the crime? The names of the ringleaders are well known.

"Nothing in the reports of the atrocities in Belgium, East Prussia, Serbia or Armenia shows a more hideous state of public opinion than that manifested by the people of Waco in participating in such a degrading display of wanton savagery."

The *Masses* for August reminds us:

"Persons who like to exclaim over the atrocities of other nationalities will find some nice ones recorded of our Civil War soldiers by Walt Whitman in his 'Specimen Days' (p. 49 of the 'Complete Peace'), or they will find helpful reading in THE CRISIS which keeps a monthly record of the picturesque lynchings which characterize our own precious 'nationality' in times of complete peace."

POLITICS

THE Rev. Reverdy C. Ransom advocates the continued solidarity of the Negro vote. He feels that this is best even though he is sure that Mr. Hughes will have no "Negro policy," but will treat all American citizens alike. In his editorial in the July *A. M. E. Church Review* he continues:

"Justice Hughes will not play the demagogue; he will act the part of a man; he will not lie and deceive through glittering promises that were never meant to be fulfilled; he will stand without prejudice for the entire country and all the people on the basis of the Constitution and the laws.

"Under a government like ours there should be no such thing in politics as the German vote, the Irish, Jewish, or Negro vote. They are a threat, a menace, in a free republic. Then why the Negro vote? Well, it is better for the sheep to abide the protection of the shepherd's dog than to flock with the wolves.

"But the Negro vote will not be unreasoning, or the bond servant of the Republican Party, because it is solid. It must be vigilant, aggressive, courageous, throwing the weight of its influence behind the most liberal-minded men and enlightened measures

within the ranks of that party which force of circumstances, at present, all combine to make the party of its choice."

The South is still turning and twisting its laws to keep the Negro from using his franchise. The Chicago *Post* tells us:

"In its anxiety to bar the colored citizen from the polls Florida proposes an amendment to its Constitution which will base the right to vote on ownership of $500 worth of property and ability to read and write and to 'interpret' any section of the State Constitution.

"There are probably not a few colored men in Florida who have amassed the necessary property and who can read and write. If these requirements measured the meshes of the franchise net they could squirm through. But when it comes to 'interpreting' any section of the State Constitution they are asked to do that which not infrequently puzzles able lawyers and makes business for the courts.

"It is evident that this arbitrary requirement can be made an effective obstacle to shut out any colored man, since interpretation is a matter of opinion and the election official can, at his discretion, refuse to accept any interpretation that may be offered. It could shut out all the white men, too, were it not for the convenient 'grandfather's' clause which exempts from these tests of citizenship any person, or the lineal descendant of any person, who was entitled to vote in any State or territory prior to January 1, 1867."

The Wilmington, Del., *Every Evening* says:

"The old 'grandfather's clause' has been challenged and at least one Supreme Court decision has assailed its validity. Florida's new clause will no doubt lead to litigation after it gets into operation, conceding that it will be approved by the voters at the November election. But litigation is slow, and no doubt it will answer the purpose of Negro disfranchisement for a long time."

The rejected platforms of the recent presidential conventions make interesting reading. *The Masses* gives us the following comment:

"Woman Suffrage occupied more time in the deliberation of the Resolutions Committee of both big conventions than any other topic. The resolution favoring a Federal Amendment, advocated by the Congressional Union, was defeated by only two votes in the Democratic Committee.

"This plank was submitted to all three conventions by the American Union Against Militarism:

"'We stand for Democracy in our own country and for the hope of Democracy throughout the world, and we believe that a great program of military and naval preparedness on our part, which the monarchs of Europe can point out to their people as a menace, will strengthen those governments to resist and destroy the new impulse toward democracy which we believe will follow this war in Europe.

"'We declare our belief in the practical possibility of World Federation, and would pledge America's service to that end.

"'Meanwhile we emphasize the importance of putting into immediate practice the principle of international action for the solution of international difficulties and, therefore, go on record for:

"'1. Conference of neutrals over invasion of common RIGHTS.

"'2. International Commission for Oriental difficulties.

"'3. Pan-American co-operation in solving the problem of Mexico.'

"The Association for the Advancement of Colored People submitted this plank:

"'To correct the evils affecting our 10,000,000 colored fellow-citizens we pledge ourselves (1) to establish equal congressional representation for all sections of the country by apportioning seats in Congress in accordance with the voting population; (2) to put an end to lynching—which is a national crime calling for national action; (3) to abolish all forms of race segregation, particularly as they affect the District of Columbia and interstate commerce; (4) to enforce the Thirteenth, or Anti-Slavery, Amendment of the Constitution by the suppression of peonage; (5) *to provide a national guarantee of civil rights;* (6) to secure to all a proportional share in the benefits of public expenditures, including equal facilities in the public schools; (7) to provide equal opportunities in public office and public service, including the national defense; and (8) *to repeal all statutory recognition of race for residents of this country.*'

"This is especially interesting for two reasons: Section five assumes that the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution

is not operating, and does not even deign to mention its existence. Section eight would abolish the legal prohibitions of intermarriage between white and colored people which exist in several States. It would emancipate the natural process of evolution in those States, or at least it would get these little laws out of the way of that process and save them from being smashed up and rolled under."

AFRICA STILL WITH US

THE *New Statesman*, through Sir H. H. Johnston, presents us with "The Bitter Cry of the Educated African." Sir Harry assures us that:

"There is literally nothing in the way of education that the Negro cannot master and master rapidly—mathematics, natural science, comparative philology, law, medicine, engineering, chemistry and sociology. But when he wishes to apply his learning to his own land he is as often as not prevented from doing so."

The educated Negro has a tendency, the writer thinks, to abandon manual labor, for:

"The Negro who has passed through schools does not want to return to agriculture or stock-rearing; he wants to be a book-man for the most part: a lawyer, first and foremost; a clergyman, a doctor, a schoolmaster. But he shows himself extremely well adapted for all kinds of engineering, and fortunately this is a kind of equipoise in his educational bent."

Whatever the Negro's feeling toward manual labor may be this does not change Mr. Johnston's opinion that:

"The outstanding grievance in Africa, as it was formerly in the West Indies, as it is still to some extent in India and British Tropical Asia, is the fact that when the native or the man of color has had himself highly educated on the white man's lines, he finds himself more or less debarred from careers in his own land which require a high type of education. So, at least, he fancies and he has some ground for the prepossession. The career of the law is open to him in West Africa (more especially), apparently as freely as to the white man. Negro barristers have risen to be judges, and knighted judges, in both British West Africa and the West Indies. But in South Africa not even the professions of law and medicine are properly open to the colored man. Those of us who have railed in the past against American illiberality in regard to 'colored folk' have had little notion of how far in advance of South Africa all America is in its treatment of the Negro and the negroid. Dutch South Africa has been intensely narrow-minded in this respect."

The Bishop of Pretoria, according to the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, has been doing some interesting thinking on the native question in South Africa. According to a recent speech he considers it as being:

"A problem simply bristling with difficulties, political, economic and social, so much so that there was a tendency to leave it alone. But no difficulty could be solved simply by being shelved, nor could any solution be right that emanated from a wrong basis. By coming to South Africa the white people had, for better or for worse, taken on the responsibility of something like 6,000,000 natives, a child race emerging from barbarism. The fact that the native supplied most of the unskilled labor had a twofold effect. First of all, it tended to make the rising generation among the white people less skilled than their fathers at trades, for the simple reason that if a boy did not learn a trade right from the bottom he was not likely to know much about it when he reached the top. The other result was that white people were beginning to see what they regarded as the menace of native labor and feared that sooner or later white men would be ousted. The tendency, therefore, was 'to keep the native in his place,' they having made up their minds as to the place of the native and how the native was to be kept there. All the time the education of the native was proceeding, not because the white people taught him in schools, but because the natives were teaching themselves. With this education was growing a consciousness of race and nationality, and a feeling of antagonism. The native knew that he paid in the Transvaal alone about £360,000 in direct taxation annually, besides indirect taxation, and that for native education only some £15,000 was granted. He believed this allowance had been increased slightly recently, but for some years the grant for native education kept step with the State grant to the Pretoria Zoo. The native was patient, but all the time he was putting two and two together, and secretly there was growing up a spirit of distrust. . . . These facts

were not inspiring, but there was much to make one hopeful. People were becoming more reasonable and prejudice was breaking down. In this the war was helpful. He did not think they could ever take the same view of color as they did twenty months ago. The white men who had fought side by side in the European trenches with the dusky men from the East would never have quite the same idea as they had before of color. The native question had to be rescued from the rut of party politics."

LABOR

THE migration of Negro laborers to the North is causing some uneasiness and considerable comment. The *New Republic* has had two articles on the matter. In the first it said:

"In almost every occupation the Negro is numerically weak. If the twelve thousand white barbers of New York refuse to work with the two hundred Negro barbers, the latter must submit. If the thirty thousand white carpenters and joiners choose to draw the color line, the one hundred Negro carpenters must look for odd jobs or work from their own people. The Negro gets a chance to work only when there is no one else. He is the last served; his are the industrial leavings and scraps. Being superfluous, possessing no industrial weapon against race prejudice, he is forced to work for a grotesquely low wage at menial jobs, which the white man disdains.

"We often wonder what the reflective Negro thinks as he listens to our orators, who welcome the immigrant to this land of liberty, to this free world of opportunity for all men. What does he think of our democracy, morality, religion, as he views it from his side of the color line?"

In the second it says:

"If the southern Negro, finding political and social conditions intolerable, were able to migrate to the North, he would have in his hand a weapon as effective as any he could find in the ballot box.

"This weapon of the southern Negro is all the more formidable because it can be used quietly and without open threats. Against the opposition of the preponderant white population, the southern Negro has few defenses. He has no vote; he has no wealth; and as for the protection of the law, that is a sword held by the white man, with the edge toward the Negro. He can not better his conditions by political action or armed revolt. His one defense is—to move away. If in a certain county or State conditions become very bad, the Negro, by emigration, can put so heavy a burden upon the white employer and upon the whole white population as to force them to change their policy. Today there is a steady drift of Negroes from country districts, where they are oppressed—and above all bored—to the southern cities. If to this alternative there is added a new chance in the North, with high wages and greater liberty and more fun, the South will be hard put to it to keep its full complement of workers. It will be compelled either to make concessions or face economic stagnation."

A DISCREPANCY

THE newspapers are vying with each other in their commendation of the colored soldier. He is brave, he is gay, he is what the French call *bon enfant*, he is devoted and proud. Such soldiers must have been men before they were fighters. Heroes do not spring full fledged into existence. The Syracuse, N. Y., *Post-Standard* cannot speak too highly:

"Negro troops have never run away. The closer the contact with the enemy the better they have fought. Army men cannot speak too highly of their courage, their obedience to orders and their general spirit of loyalty. . . .

"The men who fell at Carrizal were not the first troopers killed in the desultory sort of warfare which has existed along the border for months. But they were the first to fall in a battle on Mexican soil. . . .

"There are no braver troops in the United States Army. They have never failed."

And the New York *World* declares:

"To devotion to his officers, he adds pride in the service, ready excellence in the drill and a perfect willingness to follow where he is led. To ridicule, as a reproof, he is most sensitive. To the power of example he is keenly susceptible. To none of his white comrades is the appeal so effective as to him to perform for the honor of his race."

Richard Henry Little in the Chicago *Herald* has this to say for the colored Eighth:

"At Camp Wilson the Eighth has the

neatest camp of any outfit there. The whole camp of the Eighth looks as though it had been scoured by hand and then sandpapered, polished and varnished.

"And the men of the Eighth remain closely within their own camp border lines. You never can find one of them roaming off the reservation and hanging around some other regiment."

The Paterson, N. J., *Press-Guardian*, speaking of Troops C and K, Tenth Regiment, takes its hat off with a flourish:

"The odds were at least ten to one—perhaps fifty to one—against which these gallant black boys fought!

"If they are not in history the bravest of the brave, they are as brave as the bravest!"

These are tributes paid to men. If the Negro makes such a magnificent soldier, by all means urge him to the defence of his hearth and home. But it is on no such basis as this that the editor of the Macon, Ga., *Telegraph* supports an increase in drafting Negro soldiery. To his mind this is a good plan to rid the South of the vicious and loafing Negro. The process of reasoning by which he deducts that the worthless citizen indubitably makes a fine soldier is a trifle obscure. The Negro should be sent to the front, he feels, because he has durable feet and thrives on the bearing down of sunshine. In all these years the southern white man, of course, has developed so little that he is still wearing ladies' sized shoes and has never become inured to the climate of the sunny South. But let the editor speak for himself:

"The fighting in Mexico is pretty mean and calls in a fashion, consistent with economics in the problems of human material, its wastage and conservation, for a specially developed type of fighting man. The Mexican is inured to the Mexican desert, the Mexican water, the Mexican sun and the Mexican climatic misery and atmospheric cruelty generally. The white people of our republic are essentially a north temperate zone race of people as the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic strains will make up four-fifths of the white population. It will be pretty hard sledding for this breed of men, wonderful as is its physical adaptability to the climes of all lands, chasing Mexicans hither and thither all day long and dodging their sniper bullets at night. But we have a breed within our borders, a breed physically constituted to out-Mex the Mexicans in the sort of fighting down there—that breed being the Negro of the South. The real propriety of sending sure-enough Negroes to fight the half-caste, bastard breed of Mexico is clear enough.

"The average southern city, the average southern town, is pestered with the most vicious element, in a small way, as an individual known to the continent in what is known as the loafing Negro. He hangs around the alleys and his own resorts, he preys on country Negroes, he steals from unwatched white houses, lives on the fruits of the pan-toter and is a bad thing for his own race and the community as a whole, no comfort to himself, and everything in general suffers from him. There occurs to the layman that if the recorders of all cities, the mayors of all towns, had the power to sentence these loiterers and small thieves, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, to three to five years in the regular army for Mexican service certainly the South would be the gainer by losing them and the nation a winner by mustering them into a service for which they could be ideally fitted.

Soldiers' feet are vital to their ability as fighting men; the average Negro's feet are stronger and more durable than the underpinning of three ordinary white men put together—if he's not allowed to fit his own shoes. The average Negro thrives and lives on the bearing down of sunshine; cared for and watched he is pretty well immune to climatical diseases and his physical endurance is almost boundless when he is treated rightly. Also properly led and directed, his physical courage is not to be questioned.

"This country needs about 140,000 enlisted men to bring its regular army up to the quota authorized by the Hay bill. There doesn't seem much chance to get them . . . . That many potentially fit and able-bodied Negroes of youth can be taken from the Southern States to make up the shortage without interfering with the labor market except to clean it out and better it, while these men, white officered, both commissioned and non-commissioned, can be made into first-class soldiers—for Mexican service."

Observe that the Mexicans are only "a half-caste bastard breed," anyway, and so the "real propriety"—see the logical connection—"of sending sure enough Negroes to fight is clear enough." Well! Well! Too proud to fight Germans and too good to fight Mexicans! Will some one choose an antagonist worthy of the super-white American?

Men of the Month

AN EDUCATOR

"BIG BOY" is the affectionate nickname which Hampton Institute students have for Allen Wadsworth Washington, who succeeds Major R. R. Moton as Commandant of Cadets of that institution.

Major Washington entered Hampton Institute in 1885 as a "work student." In 1889 he finished the harnessmaker's trade and then spent two years in the Academic Department.

As an officer of the Hampton school he has traveled extensively and has taken part in many educational and financial meetings in the interest of Negro education. He has also taken an active part in the constructive work of several Negro organizations to promote better race relations. He has received instruction from some of the best United States Army officers stationed at Fort Monroe and is a thorough drillmaster and tactician.

Major Washington's career is similar to that of many Negroes who during these fifty years of freedom have come out of obscurity to take their places as leaders in our civilization.

AN ARCHITECT

W. SIDNEY PITTMAN was born in Montgomery, Ala., in 1875. His father, Henry Pittman, was a butcher by trade. His mother was ambitious, but unlearned.

The boy started his school life at seven years of age in Cemetery Hill School. In 1892 he entered Tuskegee, taking the wheelwrighting trade. At the end of three years he was given a certificate of apprenticeship and was transferred to the Architectural Drawing Department. He was graduated from both the Normal and Architectural Drawing Departments in 1897. He went to Philadelphia and entered Drexel Institute, one of the leading architectural institutions of the country. The Faculty voted him a special free scholarship and he graduated from this institution in 1900 as one of three honor students out of a class of over thirty. He returned to Tuskegee Institute as resident architect and instructor in architectural drawing.

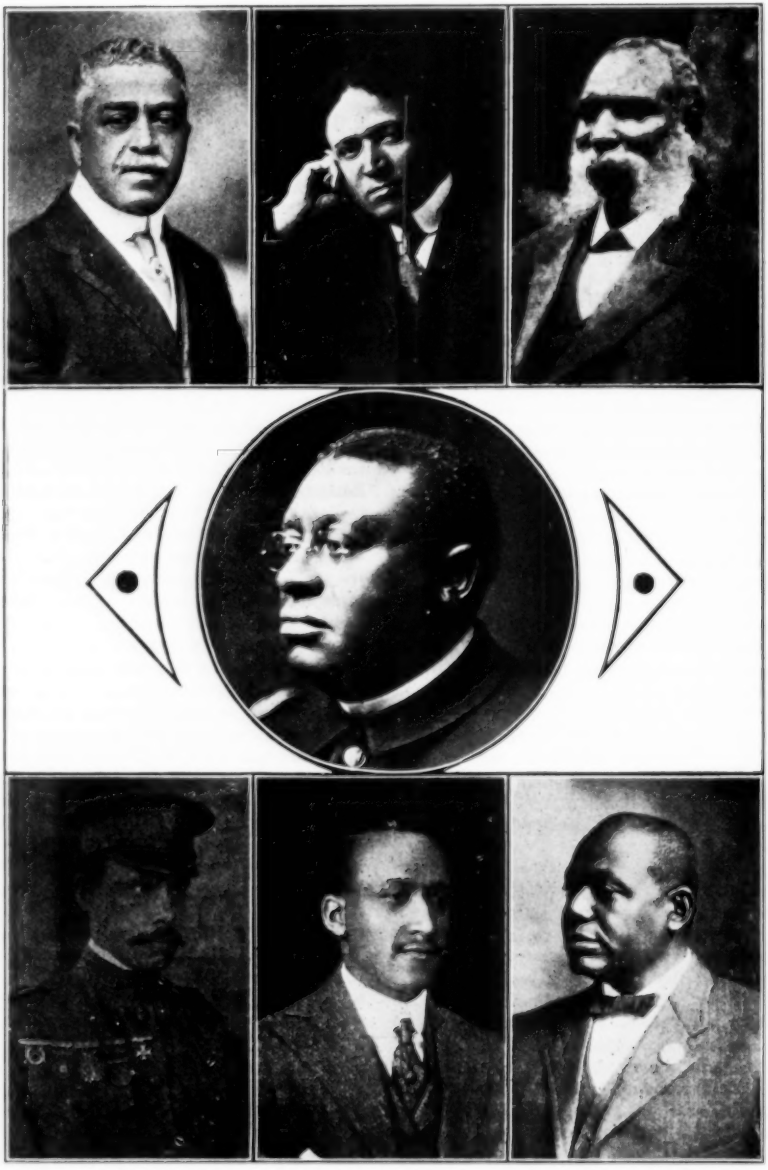
Beside buildings at Tuskegee, Mr. Pittman has designed the $75,000 Y. M. C. A. building at Washington, D. C., two State Normal School structures at Frankfort, Ky., and buildings on the campus of Voorhees Industrial School, Denmark, S. C. The National Training School at Durham, N. C., has given him the contract for seven or eight buildings. He secured a United States Government contract to design the Negro building at the Jamestown Exposition at Norfolk, Va. He also designed the $90,000 Garfield Public School Building at Washington, D. C., the $15,000 Carnegie Library at Houston, Tex., the $20,000 Hall for the United Brothers of Friendship, in San Antonio, and the $80,000 Grand Temple of the State Grand Lodge, Knights of Pythias, at Dallas, are all works of Mr. Pittman.

Mr. Pittman was married to Miss Portia Washington, daughter of the late Dr. Booker T. Washington, in 1907. They have three children and are now living in Dallas, Tex.

A MUSICIAN

HENRY T. BURLEIGH was born in Erie, Pa. He attended the grammar and high school there and was graduated in 1887. He sang in Erie churches and in the Synagogue there until 1892. He came to New York and was given a scholarship at the National Conservatory of Music where he studied voice with Christian Fritsch, harmony with Rubin Goldmark, and counterpoint with John White and Max Spicker. He played double bass and later tympani in the Conservatory Orchestra under the late Dr. Anton Dvorak, and was librarian for the orchestra. For three years he was a teacher in the Conservatory. He associated a great deal with Dvorak and copied many of the orchestral parts of his "New World" Symphony for its first performance by the Philharmonic Society of New York.

In 1894 Mr. Burleigh secured the position of baritone soloist at St. George's Church, New York City, and a few years later also accepted a position to sing at Temple Emanu-El. He still holds both of these positions. He has sung for the King and Queen of England, Prince Henry of Prussia,



HENRY T. BURLEIGH W. SIDNEY PITTMAN REV. DR. HARVEY JOHNSON

MAJOR ALLEN WADSWORTH WASHINGTON

MAJOR ALBERT W. FORD JOHN S. BROWN, JR. I. M. TERRELL

Prince Louis of Battenberg, the Crown Princess of Sweden, Princess Patricia of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, the Dowager Countess of Dudley, the Earl and Countess of Dudley, the Earl of Lonsdale, Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, Lady Maud Warrender, Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Ronalds, Monsieur Coquelin, Mme. Ternina, M. Victor Maurel, Sig. Caruso, Safonoff, Weingartner and Damrosch.

"Love's Garden," Mr. Burleigh's first composition to be published (William Maxwell Music Company) was written twelve years ago. To-day his works stand high as examples of art songs of American composers. Among them may be mentioned his cycle of "Saracen Songs," "Five Songs" (by Laurence Hope), "Passionale" (words by James Weldon Johnson), "Memory," "A Prayer," "The Grey Wolf," "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors," "One Year," and "The Soldier."

Mr. Burleigh is musical adviser for G. Ricordi & Company, his present publishers.

A MINISTER

THE Rev. Dr. Harvey Johnson has served as pastor of Union Baptist Church, Baltimore, Md., for over forty-three years. During that time he has done much to advance the moral and civic interests of his race. Among his activities have been a successful effort to secure to colored lawyers the right to practice law in Maryland courts; a plea for fair play for the race before the Prohibitionists of the State; the securing of the same rights for colored women that were vouchsafed to white women under the bastardy law, and finally the establishment of a high school, separate and distinct from the old grammar school. The appointment of Baltimore's more than three hundred colored teachers has been largely due to Dr. Johnson's initial efforts.

At a testimonial reception, recently tendered Dr. Johnson, a silver service was presented him, and many speeches of appreciation of his services were made by representative citizens.

A PRINCIPAL

I. M. TERRELL, principal Prairie View State Normal and Industrial College, at Prairie View, Tex., has just closed one of the most successful years in the history of that institution. Many of the buildings have been completely renovated; the chapel has been repaired and equipped with opera chairs; a new $20,000 mechanical shop, for which plans are in blue print, will soon be under construction; the course of study has been revised to meet the exacting requirements of the State Department, and a two-year post normal course added leading to a scientific degree.

A campaign launched in February for the purpose of raising the nucleus of a fund with which to erect a Y. M. C. A. building closed after ten weeks with the sum of $1,058.75 in the bank and appeals are being made to outside philanthropists who are interested in the symmetrical development of the lives of the Negro youth. The thousand dollars raised serves as an evidence of self-help spirit.

Professor Terrell succeeds Professor E. L. Blackshear, who was principal of this institution for nineteen years. Professor Terrell was for thirty-two years principal of the Fort Worth High School, in Texas, the only position he has ever held until being elected to the principalship of Prairie View State Normal October last. His promotion is considered a much deserved one by his friends who know of his educational labors in and out of the State.

A TEACHER

JOHN S. BROWN, JR., is a native of Providence, R. I. He graduated from the public schools of that city and entered Brown University. Like many young men who attend northern universities he resolved to pay his own expenses. He obtained a position in the evening schools of Providence and retained it during his entire course, being the first colored teacher to succeed in that work there. He was a member of the college choir during three of his four years at Brown and was the first, and perhaps the only colored Rhode Island boy to graduate from this university. In 1910 he obtained the degree of M. A. from Columbia University.

For several years he has taught the graduating class in Public School 147, Manhattan. With the closing of schools on June 30 he was promoted by his principal to the position of head teacher, a position which carries with it a large number of administrative duties and the entire conduct of the grammar assembly once a week. For the past two years he has successfully directed the school orchestra.

A MAJOR

ALBERT W. FORD, of Chicago, Ill., is the first person during the present war scare to secure a certificate of eligibility for a commission in the volunteer service. Mr. Ford took a three day examination before a board of regular army officers convened at Fort Sheridan under orders of the Secretary of War.

Mr. Ford has had a varied experience in public service. Upon graduating from high school he taught in the public schools of Kokomo and Indianapolis. After three years he resigned to accept a Civil Service appointment in the U. S. Bureau of Animal Industry, a position he held for nine years. His next appointment was in the Chicago Health Department. After three months service he was made Deputy Collector in the U. S. Internal Revenue Service. Three years later he returned to the City Health Department, where for nearly four years he has been employed as a Food Inspector.

He has been a member of the Eighth Regiment, Illinois National Guard, since 1910. On December 14, 1910, he was elected Second Lieutenant of Company E, and First Lieutenant of the same company July 9, 1913. He is popular with both the officers and the enlisted men and has the reputation of being one of the crack rifle shots of the State. He is the only member of the regiment who has ever won a gold medal in the State Rifle Competitions.

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The Outer Pocket

THE rearranged matter of THE CRISIS does not appear liking unto the taste of others. The item "Along the Color Line" should, in my estimation, be the opening. A person on taking up the book wants to know in what our people are pushing forward in the world. They find this listed under different topics of "Along the Color Line."

The modest opinions should be the close of the book. They generally are the most important and interesting. It takes time to read and understand them. I think the CRISIS should be each and every colored person's; they will then know what their own color are doing.

JAMES WATKINS,
Youngstown, Ohio.

That interesting little editorial "Please Write Us" in the new CRISIS is a wide open invitation. It reminds me of two words that I want to say. The first is that you are to be congratulated on your excellent work, especially as regards lynching. That supplement in the July number was a thriller and I am waiting anxiously to know that the whole of the $10,000 special fund has been raised. Everybody feels that the work of getting the news for that supplement was an achievement; and the matter is well followed up by the new editorial on lynchings in Georgia.

The second word is on the new arrangement and the make-up of the periodical generally. There is no questioning the fact that the new arrangement is an improvement. The editorials show up a great deal better on the first pages with the shorter items further over in the magazine.

Keep a brave heart in the fight. You are doing magnificently and we are proud of you.

BENJAMIN BRAWLEY,
Atlanta, Ga.

I rite you according to your request on page 167 of the August CRISIS. My vote is to be interpreted in the light of the fact that I am a northern white man.

Your rearrangement of THE CRISIS strikes me as a great improvement. I enjoy best (1) Editorial (2) The Looking Glass (3) The Outer Pocket.

Good luck to you.

CHARLES E. EDGERTON,
Washington, D. C.

(Editor's note: Mr. Edgerton believes in spelling reform.)

I have talked with half a dozen or more white people in Richmond about THE CRISIS and the N. A. A. C. P. They all seem to fear that we want to get out of our place, as they would say.

One white woman says she does not think we can accomplish much through the N. A.

A. C. P. The impression the Association has made upon her is that we are trying to be some other persons than ourselves. She thinks we are inclined to pay too much attention to our disabilities and not enough to our opportunities.

THOMAS L. DABNEY,
Richmond, Va.

Your CRISIS deeply interests me and I am pleased to know and read of your endeavors to give the colored man his place.

We give Dago, Russian Jew, and all sorts of foreigners a better chance than our native colored man, yet he makes a more superior citizen than any of them.

I have personally come in touch with some colored men here—fine fellows in their call of life—and I must confess (and for various reasons I feel ashamed to confess it) that my experience is that as far as common decency, sense and honor go they put my race in the shade for and by their "white" dealings.

The colored man is entitled to and will get respect from every right thinking man.

Wishing you all success, and I am sure it will come,

J. E. MCLAUGHLIN,
Winnipeg, Canada.

Congratulations! . . . To refuse to renew my subscription after such a feast would be a crime against literature. I enclose the price with a few names, and will occasionally send you others of those who I believe will subscribe if shown why they should.

J. E. BRUCE,
Yonkers, N. Y.

I would like to make a suggestion to the readers of THE CRISIS which in my opinion is a good and practical one. And it is this: That in order to better acquaint the better class of whites with the progress of the colored people of this country, each subscriber make it a special point after reading THE CRISIS to mail his copy to some public official, employer of labor, or other person who often comes in contact with problems of the Negro, and whose knowledge of the ability, ideals, ambitions and constructive work of the Negro race would give him some food for thought. The result—more respect and gentlemanly regard for the Negro with whom he comes in contact.

A SUBSCRIBER.

I am a reader of THE CRISIS and an admirer of you and all of your editorials, including your recent articles on the late Dr. Booker T. Washington. . . . Perhaps you do not know that the policies of the deceased educator were not liked by the majority of the Negroes in the United States Army; but it is a fact, and I wish to say further that your policies are declared to be the best for the good of the Negro.

A "PRIVATE IN THE U. S. ARMY."

I have just read the August CRISIS "37,800 net paid circulation"—and not grown. Improvement is evidence of that vitality that promises future growth. May you see 100,000 as you desire. As an interested reader I most heartily approve the change. Congratulations and best wishes. Ethiopia is stretching forth her hands.

I enclose you an editorial from the *Tennesseean and American* of this city. It tells its own story.

DR. C. V. ROMAN,
Nashville, Tenn.

Congratulations for putting the Ghetto last in this issue! I believe that's where it ought to be both in print and in every day life. Its former position used to spoil for me what was otherwise fairly good reading.

C. H. MILLS,
Dartmouth College, '18.

TO OUR FRIENDS

By LUCIAN B. WATKINS

WE'VE kept the faith. Our souls' high dreams
Untouched by Bondage and its rod,
Burn on! and on! and on! It seems
We shall have FRIENDS—while God is God!

The Horizon

MUSIC AND ART

THE Mendelssohn Male Chorus of Johnstown and Gloversville, N. Y., directed by Arthur F. Kibbe, at a concert held in the Grand Opera House at Johnstown, gave the following numbers from colored composers: "Viking Song," by S. Coleridge-Taylor; "Mother o' Mine," by H. T. Burleigh, and Will Marion Cook's "Swing Along."

¶ Coleridge-Taylor's "Viking Song" was heard at a notable concert given on July 26 by the Guido Chorus of Buffalo at Chautauqua, N. Y.

¶ Mme. Julia Claussen, the famous contralto of the Chicago Opera Company, who is appearing on Chautauqua tour this summer, is offering among her art songs "Life and Death," by Coleridge-Taylor.

¶ The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says of the successful appearances of Mr. Roland W. Hayes, tenor, Mr. William H. Richardson, baritone, and Mr. William F. Laurence, pianist, in Chautauqua tours in the State of Massachusetts: "Not only have they the natural musical capability of the Negro, but they have been thoroughly trained. Mr. Richardson has a voice of wide compass as well as sweetness and smoothness. Mr. Laurence is an accomplished pianist."

¶ Mme. E. Azalia Hackley, director of the Normal Vocal Institute, Chicago, Ill., gave her second vocal demonstration July 24 at St. Marks M. E. Church, and recently conducted the Lincoln exposition folk song chorus at a concert of community music given on the municipal pier in Chicago. Mme. Hackley's institute is in the nature of a community vocal school.

¶ Royal Dadum, noted baritone, presented songs by Will Marion Cook at the final event of the Michigan Music Teachers' Association at Battle Creek.

¶ Of H. T. Burleigh's magnificent setting of "One Year," the war poem by Margaret M. Harlan, *Musical America* says: "It is to be wondered whether he himself knows how deep a note he has sounded in it, for it is one of those cases of true simplicity of style wherein greatness is to be found."

¶ James A. Mundy has been graduated from the Department of Public School Music at the Cosmopolitan School of Music and Dramatic Art, Chicago, Ill., and the Mundy Choral Union, at Buffalo, N. Y., has been named in his honor. Mr. Mundy is choirmaster of Bethel Church, Chicago.

¶ At Manchester, Mass., a program of folk music of the Indian and Negro and demonstrations of the old time life of the frontier and the South was arranged by Miss Harriet Curtis in aid of Hampton Institute and given by students of Hampton.

¶ Mme. Anita Patti Brown, of Chicago, Ill., has been singing for the Victor Phonograph Company in New York City.

¶ A Negro stock company has been organized in Baltimore, Md. It is to open its season in the fall at the Colonial Theatre.

¶ Millers Dreamland Orchestra, colored, won in a competition with eleven white orchestras for a position in the Collins Café, one of the leading white restaurants in Chicago.

¶ Mrs. Florence Cole-Talbert recently won the diamond medal at the Chicago Musical College. At her commencement she sang "Caro No Me," from Rigolette, in Italian and was accompanied by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. She is the first colored woman to take part in the graduating exercises in the vocal department of the Chicago Musical College. Mrs. Talbert is doing concert work with the Hann singers.

MRS. FLORENCE COLE-TALBERT

EDUCATION

FIFTY thousand dollars from the Morrill Fund is to be distributed proportionately between Tuskegee Institute and the Negro Normal School at Huntsville, Ala.

¶ Miss Ida R. Cummings has been elected one of the trustees of Morgan College, Baltimore, Md. This college with its affiliated schools—Princess Anne Academy and the Virginia Collegiate and Industrial Institute—is under the Methodist Episcopal Church.

¶ The students of Cuyler Street School, Savannah, Ga., deposited $512, saved during 1915-16, in the Savannah Savings and Real Estate Corporation, a Negro institution, of which Walter H. Scott is President.

¶ Mr. Fountain Peyton, Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook and Dr. John Hayden Johnson, of the Board of Education, Washington, D. C., have each been made chairman of at least one standing committee for the year. They serve also as members of various other committees.

¶ Miss Hilda R. Freelon, honor graduate of the June '16 class of the Philadelphia Normal School for Girls, has been awarded a four-year scholarship in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Her brother, Allan Randall Freelon, has just completed a four-year scholarship course at the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art.

¶ Lee Welsh, of Wichita Falls, Tex., the only Negro in a class of over four hundred students taking the electrical engineering course at Armour Institute, Chicago, Ill., has been awarded a scholarship for having made the highest general grade average for the year.

¶ Harry Ellsworth Rahming, of New Bedford, Mass., has been awarded a scholarship of two hundred and fifty dollars at the General Theological Seminary, New York City. Mr. Rahming is a graduate of Howard University and a former student of Brown University.

¶ Willis Richardson, of Washington, D. C., has completed a course in poetics and versification under Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, A. M., Litt. D., and Mr. Francis J. MacBeath, of the Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass.

¶ Arthur Fauset, of Philadelphia, Pa., was graduated in June from the Boys' Central High School of that city. He was one of the commencement orators and also received ten dollars for a prize essay.

INDUSTRY

THE North Carolina Mutual and Provident Association is doing a successful business in the District of Columbia. Mr. Zeph P. Moore is the Resident Manager. At Durham the company has purchased a block of land in the heart of the city, on which is to be erected a new fireproof building with larger and more commodious quarters.

¶ The *Forum*, Springfield, Ill., has been incorporated under the name, Regal Printing Company. Mr. E. L. Rogers is the manager.

¶ The Pacific Mutual Insurance Company, of New York City, is desirous of adding a few intelligent colored men as agents.

¶ Negro stevedores were used in the unloading of the cargo of dyestuffs from the German submarine Deutschland.

¶ The Scullin-Gallagher steel plant at St. Louis, Mo., employs over twelve hundred men; eight hundred of these men are Negroes.

¶ One hundred colored men have been brought from Norfolk, Va., by the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad Company and put on construction work at Berlin Junction and at Hartford, Conn. There is a shortage in white laborers in this vicinity, due largely to the departure of reservists for Europe.

¶ Colored men of Oklahoma City, Okla., have organized the Fair View Oil and Gas Company. The concern, which has already $10,000 behind it, has been incorporated under the laws of the State of Oklahoma. Among the incorporators are J. T. Jones, President; J. C. Carter, Secretary; Joseph Anderson, S. H. Milton, David Stroud, Sam Patton and C. A. McCreary.

¶ Albert R. Hinton, of Greensboro, N .C., has, as the result of sixteen years of study, invented an automatic tobacco machine. This machine puts tobacco bag on spout or shape, weighs tobacco in bag, folds coupon and puts in bag, packs and presses bag into required shape, stamps and cancels stamp, prints label and labels it, folds carton and closes one end, packs in required number of cigarette books, then closes open end of carton and finally delivers same on table. Patents have been already issued for parts of this machine and patents for the remaining parts are soon to follow.

¶ Three hundred students from Hampton Institute and five hundred other colored men from various parts of the South farmed and

harvested the onion crop in a portion of Connecticut this year. They were engaged to take the places of regular farm hands who left the fields for higher wages in the munition factories in the State.

¶ The State Colored Fair of South Carolina will hold its annual exhibit in Columbia in November. The fair offers advertisement to all who have products of any kind and pays the freight, express or parcel post on all articles sent for exhibition. It also gives a prize for the finest exhibit.

¶ A colored business concern to be called The Promoters' Business Syndicate has been organized in Oklahoma City, Okla. The object of the organization is to purchase land, transfer, sell and assign an interest in all kinds of merchandise, and to manufacture medical goods and household wares.

¶ R. Paul Davis, an inventor, of Augusta, Ga., is demonstrating his new discovery, which ought to cheapen greatly the cost of operating an automobile. It consists of tablets, which when dropped into the tank, will lessen the amount of gasoline needed.

¶ T. M. Dugas and Son, undertakers, of Augusta, Ga., carry a stock which, not including their three-story brick building, is valued at $10,000.

¶ Thomas Middleton, of Valdosta, Ga., owns and operates a fifteen-acre truck farm. He supplies the retail merchants of that vicinity.

¶ E. D. Redding, of Macon, Ga., has conducted a wholesale and retail fish business for over fourteen years. His weekly sales average three thousand pounds.

¶ Beaten biscuits have brought so much profit to Mrs. Anna Fisher, of Columbia, Mo., that she is able to live in a $10,000 home and to send her daughter to one of the best colleges in the country. Moreover, she owns and rents fourteen houses.

¶ Through the activities of the local Negro Business League at Waycross, Ga., the colored business men have organized the Laborers' Penny Savings and Loan Company. The company expects to engage in a regular banking business January 1, 1917. Carlton W. Gains is the President.

¶ Augusta, Ga., has three cooperative grocery stores among colored people. One of these, the Augusta Merchandise Company, is composed of 165 stockholders, and has been in business about eight years. Another Negro concern, Butler's bakery, employs eight people.

¶ A colored fair is to be held in Hopkinsville, Ky., September 21 to 23 on the Pennyroyal Fair Association's grounds. Mr. D. S. Stewart is President of the organization.

¶ E. Hendricks, who conducts a meat market at 1814 South street, Philadelphia, Pa., employs all Negro help—a cashier, bookkeeper, several butchers and a delivery man.

PYTHIAN TEMPLE, DALLAS TEX.
W. Sidney Pittman, Architect. See page 239.

MEETINGS

BYRON GUNNER, President of the National Equal Rights League in Boston, Mass., has issued a preliminary call for a national race congress in September. The congress will be held in conjunction with the league's ninth annual convention.

¶ The Chesapeake Summer School for the training of colored men for Y. M. C. A. work held its ninth annual session at Harper's Ferry, W. Va., in July, under the direction of Dr. J. E. Mooreland. Max Yergon, the first colored secretary to enter a foreign field, will take up his duty in India.

¶ Delegates were appointed from Madison, Wis., by Governor Philipp to attend the tenth annual convention of the Negro National Educational Congress held in Washington, D. C., August 23 to 25.

¶ The Grand Lodge of Knights of Pythias of the State of Ohio held a very interesting

convention in the city of Delaware. Officers were elected for the ensuing year and fifty dollars was voted to the N. A. A. C. P. for the Anti-Lynching Fund.

¶ The Colored Federation of Christian Workers held a mass meeting in Bethel A. M. E. Church in Baltimore, Md. Mrs. Booker T. Washington spoke of the work of the National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs, and Mrs. Mary Talbert, of Buffalo, N. Y., also spoke on uplift work.

¶ Baptists who split from the leadership of Rev. E. C. Morris at the convention in Chicago in 1915 plan now to convene September 6 to 12 at Kansas City, Mo. This section claims now to be the legal body.

¶ Dr. C. V. Roman, of Nashville, Tenn., and Dr. Turner, of Philadelphia, Pa., held a conference in Cincinnati, O., with John T. Patrick, a Negro financier of North Carolina. The purpose of the conference was the establishment of a health and industrial community for colored people of the United States.

¶ The thirty-sixth annual session of the Grand Fountain, U. O. T. R., will convene in Richmond, Va., September 12-14.

SOCIAL UPLIFT

THE first colored park at Lexington, Ky., has been dedicated. There was a parade of colored people more than a mile long and addresses were made by prominent white and colored speakers.

¶ A race congress held in Knoxville, Tenn., in July brought together some of the best of the white and colored people in the South. Many southern white men urged better treatment and closer relations with the Negroes. The congress is to be an annual affair and the Rev. W. Augustus Jones, pastor of Mount Zion Baptist Church, Knoxville, is President.

¶ On July 8 the Philadelphia, Pa., *Inquirer* held a secret time auto run to Asbury Park, N. J., in which two hundred and twenty-six cars competed. The average time was four hours, one minute and forty seconds. Mr. Fielding A. Ford, the only Negro contestant, finished within ten seconds of the time.

¶ The Philadelphia, Pa., *Tribune* is publishing a directory of Negro concerns in order that Negroes of that city may patronize enterprises conducted by members of their race.

PERSONAL

MRS. W. E. B. DU BOIS and her daughter, Yolande, who has spent two years at Bedales School, returned from England on the St. Louis, August 12. Dr. Du Bois and family are spending their vacation at Sea Isle City, N. J.

¶ First Lieutenant John Edgar Smith of the National Guards of the District of Columbia has been promoted to Captain. He is now stationed with his battalion at Bisbee, Ariz.

¶ Chaplain George W. Prioleau, of the Tenth Cavalry, has been transferred to the Twenty-fifth Infantry, stationed at Honolulu.

¶ Sergeant Richard Bondley, machine gun company, Tenth Cavalry; Sergeant William B. Crawford, Company L, Twenty-fourth Infantry; First Sergeant James H. Green, Company K, Twenty-fourth Infantry, and Sergeant-Major Eugene P. Frierson, Tenth Cavalry, have been commissioned as First Lieutenants and assigned to the Eighth Regiment Infantry, Illinois National Guard, Colonel Franklin A. Dennison commanding. The regiment is stationed at El Paso, Tex.

¶ Mrs. John Sadlinger, youngest daughter of John Brown, died at Campbell, near San Jose, Cal., recently at the age of sixty-five. Her sister, Miss Sarah Brown, passed away at the same place about three weeks ago.

¶ Professor Mason A. Hawkins, of Baltimore, recently addressed a conference of white residents and farmers at Sandy Spring, Md., on the possibilities of development among the Negroes of the settlement from an educational and social point of view.

¶ Professor L. S. Clark, for the last twenty-nine years principal of Knox Institute and Industrial School, Athens, Ga., has been elected a member of the National Geographical Society of the United States.

¶ Mrs. Booker T. Washington has been lecturing in the West, filling engagements made by her late husband.

¶ Alfred B. Cosey, a Negro attorney of Newark, N. J., and the Jersey Bar, has issued "Cosey on Title of Record," a law book of four hundred and fifteen pages.

¶ The Rev. William H. Ferris, of New Haven, Conn., a Negro graduate of Yale and Harvard Universities, lectured recently at Douglas Center, Chicago, Ill., on "The Beacon Lights of Negro History."

¶ Professor C. J. Daniels, for twenty-five years a teacher at the Virginia Normal and Industrial Institute, Ettricks, Va., is dead.

¶ Miss Maggie Baltimore, head matron of Southern Depot at Knoxville, Tenn., for thirty years, has been given a medal for faithfulness.

¶ John Mitchell, of Richmond, Va., has been re-elected grand chancellor of the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias. Five hundred delegates from all parts of the State attended the last annual session, and receipts for the year totaled $30,000, with a balance on hand of $23,000.

¶ Professor A. M. Meeks, a Hampton graduate, has been elected supervisor of industrial work in the city schools of Lexington, Ky. He has been previously a teacher of the mechanical arts for eleven years.

¶ Drs. Esther and Ruth Fowler, graduates of the Pharmaceutical Department of Howard University, '16, have passed the Delaware State Board. They are said to be the first two colored women to achieve this distinction.

¶ Elmer Bowman, a popular song writer of Denver, Colo., died recently in New York City.

¶ Mr. William G. Haynes, associate editor of the *Monitor*, submitted a paper at the recent convention of the Nebraska State Pharmaceutical Association on "Pharmaceutical Preparedness." For it he was awarded first prize of ten dollars.

¶ Mrs. Sarah K. Johnston, of Winton, Pa., died recently at the age of one hundred and nine years and ten months. Her husband, an ex-slave, died six years ago at the age of one hundred and ten. Mrs. Johnston is survived by five sons, two daughters, sixty-three grandchildren and twenty-five great-grandchildren.

¶ Howard Drew will be a starter in the sprint title races at Newark, N. J., in September. Binga Dismond, already credited with 47 2-5 seconds for the quarter, is going to compete in the races for the national title.

¶ Professor Henley L. Cox, former principal of the Douglass High School, Columbia, Mo., has been appointed to the principalship of the Wendell Phillips School, the largest public school for Negroes in Kansas City, Mo.

¶ The Countess Nada Torby, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael, of Russia, and fiancée of Prince George of Battenberg, is, according to newspaper report, the direct descendant of Hannibal, the black slave of Peter the Great.

¶ John Lange, reported to be the wealthiest Negro of Kansas City, Mo., died there July 22 as the result of a motor accident. Mr. Lange was seventy-six years old and had been the manager of the Blind Boone Concert Company for thirty-seven years.

¶ Mr. John P. Boifeuillet, a laboratory expert of the Marine Hospital, Savannah, Ga., has been ordered by the government to report for duty in New York. His salary has been practically doubled.

¶ Royal Robinson, of Atlantic City, N. J., who has been on the police force for twenty-three years, has been made a sergeant.

¶ Robert Baxter has been made Inspector of the Bureau of Highways in Philadelphia, Pa.

¶ The late Mrs. Carl Neumeyer, of Louisville, Ky., in her will, made bequests to her colored servants as follows: Beckie Lewis, $1,000, Gus Walker, $500, and Ophelia Walker, $500. She also made provision for Beckie Lewis to be buried on her plot.

¶ Miss Olga C. Scott, of New York City, in a fashion contest conducted by the *Ladies Home Journal*, Philadelphia, Pa., won fourth prize of ten dollars for a linen outing suit.

¶ The Rev. W. Bishop Johnson has resigned the pastorate of Second Baptist Church, Washington, D. C., where he has been thirty-five years, to devote his time to the Afro-American Correspondence School, in Washington, of which he is the founder and President.

¶ D. A. Moore is said to be the only colored locomotive engine driver in the United States. He runs on the New York Central road.

GENERAL

THE bodies of six Negro troopers, killed at Carrizal, were buried July 19 in Arlington Cemetery, Washington, D. C., with full military honors. None had been identified. The body of Captain C. T. Boyd was also buried there. Memorial meetings for these soldiers have been held in many cities.

¶ Lieutenant Colonel Charles Young of the United States Army has four white captains and eight white lieutenants under his command.

¶ The Negro Fellowship League of Chicago, through its President, Mrs. Ida B.

Wells-Barnett, petitioned King George of England for clemency toward Sir Roger Casement because of the latter's humane treatment of the natives of the Congo.

¶ Dr. Baldwin, director of the Bureau of Public Education of the Health Department of the city of New York, says that colored children are practically immune to infantile paralysis. Only two cases were discovered among Negro children during the 1907 epidemic.

¶ Resolutions endorsing President Wilson and the National Democratic ticket were adopted at the quadrennial session of the National Colored Democratic League in Chicago, Ill.

¶ Colonel William Hayward, of the Public Service Commission, N. Y., has been commissioned by the Governor to recruit a Negro regiment at Buffalo, N. Y.

¶ The Fifteenth National Guard Regiment, recently organized in New York City, has seven companies. Major Fillmore, who was sworn in as Senior Captain, is to be appointed Regimental Adjutant by Colonel Hayward.

¶ The State House Commission of New Jersey has purchased one of the spears carried by John Brown at Harper's Ferry, W. Va., in 1859. It will be placed in the Capitol with other Civil War mementos.

¶ The National Historical Society at Washington, D. C., has purchased the home of John Brown, twelve miles east of Meadville, Pa., and will inclose the land and erect a suitable memorial.

¶ Mrs. Anna Brown Adams has made an appeal to Governor Capper and the people of Kansas for aid for Salmon Brown, now in Portland, Ore., the last surviving son of John Brown. He is eighty years old, crippled and destitute, and his wife, who is seventy-seven years old, is sewing in a dressmaking shop to eke out their existence.

¶ Fons Ross and P. H. Stowe, of Charlotte, N. C., recently rescued six white men who were being carried away in the flood caused by the rising of the Catawba River.

¶ George I. Austin, major and commandant at St. Paul School, Lawrenceville, Va., has been advised by Major General Leonard Wood that if two hundred and fifty educated young colored men will enroll the government will establish a training camp at Fort Monroe.

¶ Dr. C. V. Vignes, past president of the Louisiana Federation of Catholic Societies, and Dr. L. W. Provosty, President, have organized a Colored Federation of Catholic Societies in New Orleans.

FOREIGN

FORMALITIES with reference to the signing of the treaty by which the United States agrees to pay $25,000,000 for the Danish West Indies have been concluded. The three islands, St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John, lie due east of Porto Rico, and their value to the United States as naval bases is almost inestimable. The total area of the islands is 1,238 square miles, with a population of about 35,000, of which Negroes form at least 85 per cent.

¶ The fourteenth anniversary of the independence of Cuba has been celebrated. During the auto races Maximo Herrera, the colored winner of the recent Guanajay auto race, was killed in a collision with an American driver.

¶ A dispatch from Berlin says: "A correspondent on the French front sends a description of the last attack of the French on Hill 304 on the Verdun front," the Overseas News Agency says. "The French brought up fresh troops to this section where so many divisions had been repulsed previously. There were colored troops in the new division, mixed with white troops from the finest regiments."

¶ Col. Theodore Roosevelt in a speech during his recent visit to British Guiana said that he wished to congratulate the natives upon the hearty good will shown among all the peoples—North Europeans and South Europeans, men whose ancestors came originally from China, from Africa or from Hindustan, and whose ancestors were among the original aborigines of the country—who were working together in the real democratic spirit, the spirit of treating men in their work as men—(applause)—giving to no one the privilege to which he was not entitled, and assigning to no one what by his capacity he showed he had no right to receive.

¶ During 1915, 205,294 natives were employed in the gold mines in Transvaal.

¶ A commission has made report on the revolt in Nyasaland in 1914. It was led by John Chirembwe. Missions and educated natives were first blamed for the uprising. The real cause was "Ethiopianism," *i. e.*, the movement to free Africa from European

control, and the leaders were Chirembwe and Joseph Booth, a white American.

¶ The new resident commissioner for the territory of Basutoland, South Africa, has paid his first official visit to the chiefs.

¶ The report of the Natives' Land Commission in South Africa forms a volume of sixty pages. The report follows the recent law and attempts to establish an immense ghetto in South Africa outside of which no native can buy land.

GHETTO

MEMBERS of the Seventh Illinois Regiment at Camp Wilson, San Antonio, Tex., refused to permit the "Jim Crow" law to be enforced in the case of the Eighth Regiment troopers.

¶ The Humane Society, an organization of white women in Austin, Tex., is planning for a separate jail for colored women.

¶ Negro policemen have been restored to duty on South street in Philadelphia, Pa.

¶ An effort is being made by white residents of St. Louis, Mo., to close a summer garden opened on Clayton Road by W. M. Scott, a Negro, for members of his race.

¶ An attempt to segregate adult Negroes in the use of the public school swimming pools at Portland, Ore., is being fought by the branch of the N. A. A. C. P. in that city.

¶ Mary Alice DeLand, white, and Alexander Wright, a Negro, crossed the State lines from St. Louis, Mo., into Illinois recently and were married. Although Mrs. Wright's parents consented to the marriage the local marriage license clerk could not issue them a license because of Missouri's anti-intermarriage law.

¶ Eighteen recruits of the First Separate Battalion of Washington, D. C., were confined recently in an old latrine at Camp Ordway because they refused to do the general cleaning up of white troopers who were stationed in their vicinity.

¶ A suit has been brought in San Antonio, Tex., to determine whether Negroes can be excluded from the new Carnegie library.

¶ The "Birth of a Nation" has been barred in Halifax, N. S. In Columbus, O., having been beaten in the United States courts, the managers of the film are appealing to the State courts.

CRIME

GOVERNOR GEORGE W. HAYES, of Little Rock, Ark., has pardoned Hezekiah Porter, a Negro, from his twenty-one years' sentence for manslaughter imposed in 1909. A few weeks ago Porter saved the Governor from drowning.

¶ Robert Threat and Charley Mitchell, convicted in June, 1914, on a charge of felony and sentenced each to twenty-one years in the penitentiary, have been pardoned by Governor Hayes, of Arkansas. The pardons were issued upon the affidavit of Gertie Hollingshead, white, who declares that the testimony she gave at the trial was untrue.

¶ W. M. Irvin, a white man, has confessed in a letter from the McAlester penitentiary, Okla., that he was guilty of the charge of dynamiting for which a Negro, named Allen, has been imprisoned since 1911. Allen has been released.

¶ Patrolman Sam Lord, accused of assaulting a Negro employee at the police station in Jacksonville, Fla., has been found guilty by the board of bond trustees, and dismissed.

¶ Policeman Lewis Hahn killed Phillip Spencer in Frederick, Md., for fighting with another man. The policeman has been acquitted.

¶ George Carter, the seventeen-year-old Negro who shot and killed two United States soldiers at Norfolk, Va., while defending his brother from an attack by a mob, has been given a life term in the penitentiary.

¶ Judge Bond, of Kinston, N. C., has held three white men for further hearing on the charge of complicity in the case of Joseph Block, a Negro lynched last April.

¶ Dr. Jesse Moseley, a Major in the Medical corps of the Mexican Army, was murdered by Tom Cross, a white Texan, July 21.

¶ Dick Boyd, a Negro, was killed July 4, near Hamburg, Ark., by a white farmer, Thomas Hillis, for contending a correct settlement of an account.

¶ John Thomas was shot and killed by John Rutenberg, a white police officer while being led into court for trial at Blytheville, Ark., July 7. The officer was discharged and placed under $1,000 peace bond.

¶ Thomas Lewis was shot and killed July 21 in Norfolk, Va., by a white policeman to whom he ran for protection from a mob of drunken white men.

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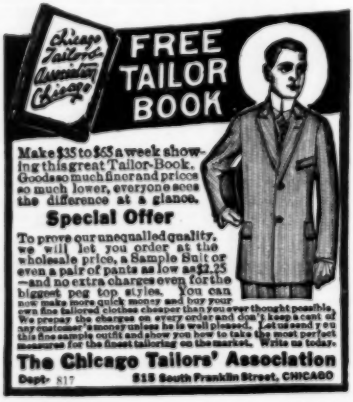

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